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THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE GAZETTE
IN AMERICA.
THE DEATH OF GRANT!
ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING JOURNAL

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HIS LAST RIDE.

GENERAL GRANT'S FINAL SURVEY OF HIS SURROUNDINGS AT MOUNT McGREGOR.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

SOMEHOW "slumming" is not as popular in London as it was.

THE worst feature of the London scandal is that nobody denies it.

PATTI's most recent divorce from the Marquis de Caux was an expensive affair. The American people may expect a call from Patti to pay the bill.

"WITH Sheridan only twenty miles away" the Cheyenne revolution turns out to be a very tame affair.

ALTHOUGH the Dolphin is in dry dock it seems to have struck a snag, in Attorney-General Garland.

Now they accuse Gen. Logan of having written the Mahone platform; its rhetoric is so wild and weird.

SECRETARY WHITNEY says he is very sorry for Mr. Roach. No doubt Mr. Roach highly appreciates this sorrow.

Now that El Mahdi is reported dead, Gen. Wolseley is manifesting a desire for another campaign in the Sudan.

ONE would think Miss Cleveland was running for the Presidency, the way the Republican editors are going for her book.

Two drunken men were burned to death at Belfast, Me. They were not as successful at dodging Prohibition as Mr. Blaine.

NEW YORK is excited over a bullet-proof burglar. Perhaps he is a Chicago man whose cheek has grown down over his vest.

THE red man of the forest is very uneasy these days. Just at present scalps appear to have a greater value in his eyes than rations.

THE Queen has thanked the *Pall Mall Gazette* for its exposure of London crimes, but the Prince of Wales lies low and stops his paper.

THE earthquake is still caving around in the vicinity of Cashmere, and India has not had such a shaking up since the Sepoy revolution.

CAPT. GORRINGE is dead and John Roach has gone to the wall, and ship-building in America is apparently given over to a complication of dry rot and starvation.

THE Salvation Army opened its national camp-meeting at Old Orchard, Me., on Sunday. "Knee drills" and "hallelujah marches" kept the brethren on the go.

THE time has now arrived for the small boy to have his annual tussle with the green apple. The fact that he generally has to succumb apparently makes no difference to the small boy.

The poet Whittier says: "I am now in my 78th year, and the poetic machine is out of order, and the sound of the grinding is low." The London paper, read by Lord Tennyson, please copy.

ACCORDING to the latest edict, if a lady wishes to carry her parasol in fashionable style, she will hold it precisely as does the soldier when he presents arms. It's awfully swell, so English, you know.

R. B. HAYES has been invited to come out of the shadow of his hen house to unveil a soldier's monument at Sandusky, Ohio. He has accepted. There are shadows though from which he never can emerge.

EXTRA!

"HERE!"

Ulysses S. Grant Answers the Final Roll-Call,

AND JOINS THE INNUMERABLE HOST OF THE DEAD, AFTER AN HEROIC FIGHT.

"A DRINK OF WATER!"

And then, Peacefully and Painlessly, the Victor Goes to His Reward.

(Subject of Illustrations.)

(Special to the POLICE GAZETTE.)

MOUNT MCGREGOR, July 23.—Gen. Grant died at eight minutes past eight o'clock this morning, surrounded by all his family. The end was peaceful and without apparent pain.

CLOSING SCENES.

When the General was placed last night in an ordinary bed his head was raised by two pillows. His face had the appearance of great calmness, repose and nobility of character. The face was worn slightly by marks of suffering, but this was not so noticeable as the keen intelligence when the eyes opened, which they occasionally did. His mind was evidently quite clear. He was not able to speak after three o'clock this morning. At that time he asked for some water.

The family were all around him, not one of them having taken any rest. The night was so pleasant, with the light of the moon gleaming through the trees, that all the inmates of the cottage, except the illustrious patient, were able to avail themselves at intervals of a change from the rooms to the piazza, or the grounds immediately adjoining. From the sick room to the piazza is only a few steps, and it was easy to take a glance at the dying soldier. Early this morning the patient's skin showed the usual purple discoloration, and there were other signs equally unmistakable of rapid dissolution. At half-past four the patient's respiration increased to sixty, and Dr. Newman said the death rattle could be heard in the General's throat. Mucus was gathering in the lungs and was gradually choking him, as he had not strength enough to throw it off. At twenty minutes past five Dr. Newman reported that the respirations were diminishing in length. The rattle in the throat grew less and less until, almost, on the stroke of eight, it became silent, and, with a few twitches of his facial muscles, the great commander passed over to the innumerable silent majority.

The grief those who watched his departure was too profound for utterance or description.

G.
HIS LAST HOURS.

Dr. Shady and Sands were about half through dinner when a messenger from Dr. Douglas called them away. They found the General in worse condition than when they had left him. He sat with his head sunk in pillows, yet bending forward; his eyes closed, yet struggling to get open, as the movements of the limbs showed; his arms and hands limp, and his body bent under its own slight weight. They touched his pulse. It was at 120. His respiration was at 40, coming in quick, short gasps. "Would you like to lie down, father?" asked Col. Fred. Grant, who noticed his father's restlessness. The General nodded, and at the same moment essayed to rise unassisted. But the effort was too great, and he sank back into the chair, and the colonel and nurse aided him to rise and then supported him to the bed, where he was carefully lowered to a reclining position and partly on his face. Dr. Douglas then rolled the chairs back, and one of the physicians has since remarked that the General then left his chair for the last time.

At 8 o'clock the General seemed to be sinking. It was a gradual change. From having been high and faint, the pulse was becoming elusive. The General closed his eyes. Effort to keep them open or to try and use them was then beyond his power. Dr. Douglas, who alone of the doctors was with the General at that time, spoke to him to test his faculties. The General moved his head slightly in response. Consciousness still remained. Weakness had gone beyond any former point. It was a question how long the mind would be responsive. He could not whisper; he was too weak to open his eyes; his limbs were powerless; he was gasping fast, the pulse was fluttering; he could do no act of will beyond a slight turn of the head, which sank almost instantly back into the pillows. The air of the room was oppressive.

There was no need for the doctors at the bedside. They moved aside for the family. The fans of the nurses and of the ladies were cooling the air about the General. It was about the time of last night's crisis. All were fearful, yet all were self-contained. The prayer was offered, briefly, soothingly.

The General's breath was yet quick. It soon became softer. The fans kept going. The breathing grew less labored. There was a flutter of the eyelids. They opened, and the General looked quietly about him. There was no sobbing to sadden him, but all was quiet and peaceful. Cool air encircled him. He drew it into his lungs with deeper draughts. Tender faces looked down upon him. He returned their glances with reviving love and so, just as the hour that he passed the crises of last night and in the same manner, he dropped gently asleep. The General slept for an hour. His power of whispering came back when he awoke and he answered a few questions. He lay on the right side. His left hip pained him from the old injury and he rubbed it frequently. At 11 o'clock he was awake and conscious, respiration had increased to forty-four, pulse very weak. The doctors were then looking for a change for the worse between 1 and 4 o'clock. His hands and arms were quite cold; his feet less cold than earlier in the evening.

TRUTH FROM THE "TIMES."

The following excellent article appeared in the New York *Times* of July 22. No truer comment has been made on the subject:

WHERE IS COMSTOCK?

The great work of promoting virtue in London by peddling obscene literature in the United States goes bravely on. It is announced that some enterprising friends of morality in Chicago who decline to permit their names to be used, have organized a "syndicate" to put the disclosures of vice in London within the reach of every man, woman and child in the West by promptly reprinting in *fac simile* copies of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The modesty of these workers for purity is equal to their zeal. They belong to the class eulogized by Pope who do good by stealth and blush to find it tame.

But zeal for virtue is not confined to Chicago, nor has it been satisfied in New York by the disclosures that were made last week. Some moralists who consider that it is better, in the language of Burke, to be roused from our slumbers by the sound of the fire bell than to perish amid the flames in our beds, have concluded that the incomplete and partial revelations of English vice did not exhibit it in sufficient detail to enchain the attention and excite the horror of the young and thoughtless. Accordingly, people of both sexes who came down town on Saturday and yesterday found themselves beset by missionaries of virtue, for the most part of tender years soliciting them to buy a "full ektron o' the great London scandal." Those who yielded to these importunities found themselves in possession of what purported to be copies of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, duly dated "London, Eng." but bearing no more resemblance to that journal than to the *London Times*. The contents, however, left absolutely nothing in the way of the details of vice to be supplied. Whoever bought one of these papers would have been put in possession of the knowledge that only a long course of vice, or an intimate acquaintance with literature such as that of which the Society for the Suppression of Vice exists to prevent the propagation, could otherwise supply.

Is it not time to call a halt? We have nothing to say about the minives or the results of the original publication in London. It is probable that, along with its obvious advantages for catching pennies, that publication has been useful in calling the attention of the British public to the need of a change both in the provisions of the English criminal law and in the administration of the London police. But the republication here of that for which the only possible defense in England is that it furnishes a basis for English legislation is absolutely defenseless. Its only effect is to turn people's thoughts into channels from which religion, law, parental affection, and individual conscience unite in declaring that they ought by all means to be diverted. There is no more excuse for printing in New York these details of contemporaneous vice in London than there would be for printing in the vulgar tongue and for general reading all that could be gathered with a historical muck rake of those details of vice in ancient Athens or in ancient Rome which are now veiled in foot notes written in dead languages for the benefit of historical students alone. Whoever devotes himself here to disseminating the disclosures made in London is simply engaged in daubing the minds of his readers and playing the part of a literary pander.

Defending one's self for disseminating this stuff is adding hypocrisy to an anxiety to get money by fair means or by foul. The persons who yesterday concealed their own identity behind the forgery of a London newspaper showed a more accurate sense of the nature of the work they were doing than if they had pretended to be engaged in a virtuous and reformatory work or to be actuated by public spirit. If there is anything that tends to good in these republications, St. Paul should have exactly reversed a famous passage from one of his epistles so as to read:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any disgrace, think on these things."

Meanwhile, where is Mr. Comstock, and for what purpose does the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice exist if not for the purpose of preventing the public sale of such stuff as has been hawked about the streets of New York?

THE Mexican editors who have junketed around the country manage to get their work in on all sides. While in Chicago they attended church in the morning and a horse race in the afternoon, and last Sunday they went to mass in the big cathedral in New York, and in the evening heard a concert at the Casino.

STYLVON HUTCHINS, of the Washington *Post*, resembles Nero in one or two points of character. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and Hutchins sailed while the *Post* burned. But Nero never saw the day when he could run a first-class newspaper, while Hutchins apparently never saw the day when he couldn't.

NEW YORK came within an ace of having a vacancy on its supreme bench. Judge Brady left legal cares behind and consented to act in the somewhat unusual capacity of judge in a boat race. The referee's boat capsized, and his Honor lost all interest in the contest of the flyers. Hereafter he will confine his official duties to the court-room.

FOLLOWING the London style, the young men and girls of New York go about with their shoulders raised, throwing one leg over the other to get the true Piccadilly swing. This rolling gait has taken the place of the Alexandra limp. Some years ago all the English fashionables walked with a slight hitch trip, in imitation of the Princess of Wales. Now they walk with a regular on-deck swing. A troublesome corn on a royal toe of England will change the gait of every society idiot in New York.

SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



The sporting Vidocq of Canada is the skillful John Fahey, of Montreal. His very clever capture of "Count" George De Wolfe last week was very neatly done, for which he deserves considerable glory.

Aaron Bradley, one of two brothers who, in olden times, were well-known type-setters in this city, died here on July 11.

John Connelly, of the Shawmut Boat Club, Boston, recently swam from the boathouse to the Powderhouse in South Bay.

John Teemer received his new Ruddock shell, July 12. It is a beautiful specimen of the boat-builder's art, 31 feet 6 inches long and weighing 82 pounds.

Fred. White was on July 11 returned winner of a 2-mile roller-skating race with J. A. Snowden in Newport, R. I., coming in 15 yards ahead in 7 minutes 12 seconds.

P. H. Conley went from the Hub to Union Springs, N. Y., recently, for the purpose of practicing with C. E. Courtney for their double-scull race with Hosmer and Gaudier.

F. W. Jackson, secretary of the Watkins (N. Y.) Rowing Association, is making arrangements for a regatta to be held on Silver Lake, the main feature to be a professional scullers' race for big money.

Prof. Herrington is stated to have jumped from a platform erected one hundred feet above the water into the Grand River, at Saranac, Mich., July 4. There was but twelve feet of water in the river, but he escaped injury.

The Union Athletic Association, of Paterson, N. J., recently elected the following officers: E. D. Winans, president; Robert Leggett, vice; David Hunt, secretary; Hy. G. Lendrum, financial secretary; James Yuill, treasurer; Geo. Hunt, captain; Will Campbell, first Lieutenant; John Sellman, second Lieutenant.

Bob Farrell, the boxer, for some time past a resident of Cincinnati, O., on July 10 met with a painful accident. He was bathing at the establishment foot of Vine street, and in attempting to jump from a spring-board to a trapeze, stumbled and tore the nail of one of his big toes. It will keep him off the boxing stage for some time.

Louis Loal, a member of Loal Brothers' brass band, is stated to have made the extraordinary score of 280 at teapins in Paterson, N. J., July 8. Every frame was a strike except the second, which was a spare. But for that break he would have made 300. Loal is not an expert bowler, and his score was simply a curious streak of luck.

Wallace Ross, in an interview published in Boston, Mass., on Sunday, is reported as saying: "The scullers I can get matches with I don't care to row, and those I'd like to row won't make matches with me. It's out of the question to talk about rowing Havanian, and if Teemer can give me 5 seconds and beat me, why, there's no use talking about him."

John C. Baldwin, of Chauncy Hose Company, in Westbrook, Mass., made a bet that he could get out of his bed, dress, unlock his house-door, run 435 feet to the engine house, unlock the door, draw the carriage alone out of the building, with 350 feet of hose, have two assistants to pull it up a rise to the street, and then such further help from such members of the company as choose to join in the race, and run 2,717 feet to a hydrant, and then turn and run back 150 feet, paying out house the whole distance, in 8 minutes. He accomplished the feat in 3 minutes 50 1/2 seconds, less than half the time named in the wager.

The latest issue of the *London Sporting Life* to hand contains the following: "W. G. George, amateur champion, before retiring from the cinder-path, is desirous to meet W. Cummings, the professional champion, and so effectually decide the question of supremacy, and to this end is willing to run Cummings three matches, the distances to be one mile, four miles and ten miles, for \$1,500 a side, the winner of two of these races to take the \$3,000." So far the only thing which has resulted from these negotiations has been the stoppage of the subscription for a testimonial to George started by his friends upon his announced retirement from the running-path and departure to Australia.

Monroe Bechtel, a young and expert swimmer, of Reading, Pa., and a number of friends were swimming in the Schuylkill, near the railroad bridge, July 7. Bechtel proposed jumping from the top of the bridge into the river, a distance of seventy-five feet. The river at this point is eighteen feet in depth. He climbed up the braces and stood for a moment, then, holding his nose with his right hand and with his left hand pressed closely to his side, he sprang into the air and shot down with fearful rapidity. When some distance from the water he doubled up his legs and struck the water in that way. He remained under water about a minute, his companions in a boat anxiously wanting his appearance on the surface. He was assisted into the boat, bleeding copiously from the nose for a few minutes. He says he was not hurt, but will never make the jump again.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Sensible Conclusion Arrived At By a Disbanded Serio-Comic Comedy Combination.

If all distinguished and extinguished dramatic combinations were as wise as Greene's Gorgeous Galaxy of Serio-Comic Society Gems, in what a different fashion would some of our prominent theatrical people be spending and enjoying their summer.

Who is Greene, anyhow, says the gentle reader, and



The heavy lead shouts for a dime show.

what may his Gorgeous Galaxy of Serio-Comic Gems amount to?

Well, gentle reader, the personality of Mr. Greene has very little to do with Greene's Gorgeous Galaxy; in fact, there are people so incredulous that they feign to regard Mr. Greene as a myth and decline to believe that he exists either literally or metaphorically.



The responsible woman does a neat song and dance.

But that, in spite of the possible non-existence of Mr. Greene, there lately lived and moved, and had its being, in a theatrical sense, a Greene's gorgeous galaxy of Serio-Comic Society Gems, is a fact demonstrated by much evidence, including unpaid hotel bills and job printers accounts clamoring for an early and satisfactory settlement.



The juvenile man swallows swords for a living.

It is a significant coincidence, by the way, that none of these obligations were personally incurred by the lamented and undiscoverable Greene himself. On the contrary, his agents, advance and posterior, opened the ball for him in every instance, and all that Greene

istic resemblance to nature, by a stove brush. During a street parade of the company a heavy rainstorm fell upon the procession and with one consent the four zebras once more became a quartet of exhausted car-

horses. The derision of the mob may be more easily imagined than described. Volleys of stones and abuse broke up the show and the paraders retired in confusion to their hotel.

Thus ended the glorious existence of Greene's Gorgeous Galaxy of Serio-Comic Society Gems. But what of the gems?

Did they fall by the wayside and perish? Not a perish.

On the contrary, you'll find them alive and kicking—all actors kick while they're alive—at Far Rockaway.

The leading man, you may see him, fat and saucy, standing on a packing case day after day and night after night "shouting" at the top of his voice the attractions of a dime museum.

The responsible woman, she of the round calves and the colonial embonpoint, what is she doing? Well, she does a neat song and dance under canvas hard by the steamboat pier.

The juvenile man, juvenile no longer, for time, alas! goes flying on lightning wings, he swallows his Othello sword, no less than four times a day—clear down into the bowels of his undershirt.

Sausages and sauerkraut now occupy the attention of the gentleman who used to conspire rural audiences with innocent mirth. And, be it said, that when he asks his customers if they will take theirs with the bark on, he achieves a stroke of humor equal to his efforts at their very best.

The leader of the orchestra, well, he goes it blind, temporarily, and, accompanied by a faithful mongrel of several mixed breeds, tiddies not while Rome, but while the clam-bakes are burning.

The soubrette becomes a mermaid twice a day, and waggles her extremities in a big tank after the most enticing fashion. Crowds flock to see her and Jack Hamilton, of the Coney Island Elephant, pronounces her the only real opposition.

Sensible gems!

Thus do they temper the wind to their own shornness!

STAGE WHISPERS.

Maude Harrison has returned to town. J. W. Collier has not gone to Europe yet. Scanlan and Cronin will unite once more.

Alice Carle is a great favorite in Montreal. George Learock may star as Edmond Dantes. Wallace King sings with Haverly's Minstrels.

"Drifting Apart" is a new play by Elliot Daws.

Bernhardt's "Theodora" is the talk of London.

Mose Flake's new piece is said to be "good in spots."

Ed. Marble goes with Thatcher, Primrose and West.

Forbes Robertson will support "Our Mary" over here.

"An Adamless Eden" is in the third season in England.

Havlin's Cincinnati theatre is to be elegantly redecorated.

The Loretan and "Misshaps" will be companions next season.

Rosina Vokes will play in some of her old American successes.

Arthur Rehan is visiting Oliver Doud Byron at Long Branch.

"La Belle Fermiere" is the name chosen for Audran's new opera.

"A Hoop of Gold" claims, next season, the talent of J. S. Maffit, Jr.

"Anselma" is what Sardou calls his new drama written for Jansh.

Stella Boniface is an acquisition for Harrigan and "Old Lavander."

Adele Waters is to be Henry Lee's "lead" in his new play, "The Don."

James O. Barrows and "The Professor" will be inseparable next season.

McCaull thinks there is nothing like injunctions. His lawyers do, too.

The Union Square theatre will cost Sydney Rosenteld just \$1,200 a week.

The annual discussion about lithographs has begun among the managers.

Flotow's posthumous opera is a great success in the Hungarian capital.

Madge Wickham, an American violinist, has made a hit at Baden-Baden.

Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" begins business next week in San Francisco.

"Shadows of a Great City" is to be seen next season at the Boston theatre.

O'Neill will keep on with "Monte Cristo." The managers all call for the play.

Over three hundred companies have organized already for the coming season.

Morris Pike is to do "Yankee Jack" in Buffalo on the 27th. Too bad for Buffalo.

A man named Burrill is running an organization which he calls the Standard Opera.

Nilsson has engaged with M. Strakosch for a series of concerts in Switzerland and Norway.

Julia Wheeler, a Washington lady, will be a member of Mlle. Rhea's company next season.

Frank Evans has a new play—a baseball satire—called "One to Nothing." He may tour it.

Edwin P. Sackett will support J. B. Polk, in "Mixed Pickles," at the Fourteenth Street theatre.

Modjeska has in her company for next season Leslie Allen, Frank Clements, Nick Long, Kate Denin-Wilson and Mary Shaw. She begins on October 5.

Dan Sully has taken himself and his "Corner Grocery" to San Francisco. He plays there next week.

Jerome Eddy is back from his vacation. The heavy rain of yesterday immediately ceased on his arrival.

Harrison & Gourlay are to produce their new English farce comedy in Buffalo at the beginning of their fall season.

In the new farce comedy in which he is to star with his wife, Tony Hart has no less than seven changes of costume.

George O. Jordan is to take the resurrected "Argonauts of '49" on the road this year. He opens in Philadelphia Sept. 14.

Giannini and Del Puento have signed with Mapleson for next season, and will come with him on the American tour.

The Actors' Fund disbursed last month \$68.20 for relief, and \$140 for funerals. Its membership goes on increasing.

Eben Plympton, who had a benefit at the Star theatre some little time ago, is doing the neige business at Long Branch.

Pauline Markham is bobbing up again. She says she is to star this season in a new farce-comedy called "Dolly's Luck."

H. J. Loveday, Henry Irving's stage manager, is associated with J. H. Falser in the coming production here of "Dark Days."

The Elks have presented J. A. Mackay with a silken badge as a slight return for his services at their benefit some months ago.

Tony Hart will have a new play, by William Gill, entitled "Buttons," for next season. It is conceded to be the best thing Gill has yet written.

Mlle. Theodora De Gillert, premiere-danseuse, sailed for Europe July 11. She will return for the fall, having signed for 1885, 6, 7 in America.

James T. Powers is back from England, and will play "A Tin Soldier" next year. Provided, of course, that he has not brain fever in the meanwhile.

Caroline Hill, Herbert Kelcey, Harry Edwards, and Daniel Lessen will appear in London Assurance at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, on Monday next.

Ned Buckley is spending his time between this city and Long Branch. He is a great horseman, and can give tips on all kinds and manners of horses and races.

Miriam O'Leary, Margaret Parker, John Marshall, Arline Lindsey, Fred Wildman and Frank Lawton will be Sol. Smith Russell's support on his coming tour.

Three American adapters of "Dark Days" are to the front. One is George Fawcett Howe, the second Thomas H. Gleiny and the third Delancey Whibley Pierson.

Rehearsals are going on at the Standard for the production of "The Mikado," as if there were no such obstacles in the way of its production as John Stetson and injunctions innumerable.

If "For Congress" does not close Raymond's season at the Madison Square theatre, "Colonel Sellers" will follow it. It is an open secret that somebody has been dropping money there very fast.

The Mexican Typical Orchestra close the season in this country, August 2, returning to Mexico in the fall, under H. J. Myers' management, they open a three years' tour at Fort Worth, Tex.

Fred. Bryton is hustling around with his new play. He is casting about his eyes for a good place to give it a preliminary production. Then he is to put into working shape for his fall starring tour.

E. E. Rice announces "Evangeline" to follow "Adonis" at the Bijou Opera House, this city, about Sept. 20. It will be done by Mr. Rice's new company, with Fay Templeton and Ed. Morris among its members.

It has at last been settled that Frank L. Goodwin shall manage Clara Morris again this year. He is now engaging the company to support her. Goodwin should try and make more money out of the lady than he did last year.

Instead of Carrie Swain—who was at first thought of—Frankie Kemble has been engaged by Harry Miner as soubrette star, with A. H. Phillips in the latter's new comedy, "Caught On." Edward Clarendon will manage the company on the road. They open here next month.

E. J. Buckley has joined the colony of Long Branch professionals. Arthur Wallack is at the Wallack home, Stamford, Ct. Will S. Harkins and wife are at Truro, N. S. Sol. Smith Russell and some of the Burgers are at Revere Beach, Mass. Julia Wilson is at Bath, L. I., and Chas. F. Cromwell (advantage agent) is at his home in the same village.

Baroness de Rothkoff, who six months after her arrival in this country, essayed the role of Camille at Wallack's theatre without previous knowledge of either our language or the stage, is quietly ensconced in her cottage at Saratoga. Notwithstanding the constant demands of society, she devotes several hours daily to the study of the language, and feels sanguine of success the coming season.

"Dutch" Clark, the fire king, died recently at the Marine Hospital, Louisville, Ky. Poor Clark had during his checkered career saved \$50, which he put aside to pay his funeral expenses. Nothing would ever tempt him to break in on it. Though often wanting a meal the \$50 remained intact. It was found in his trunk after his death and expended in sending him to his last resting place.

A divorce suit has been begun by Mrs. Elsie Barton against her husband, Gen. William B. Barton, of the Bijou theatre, on the ground that he was not true to his marriage vows. The couple, it is alleged, have been married since 1857, and the acts complained of by Mrs. Barton cover a long period, and are alleged to have been committed in different cities. The announcement of the divorce suit is the first intimation that some of his friends had that he ever had been married.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.



The leader works the blind racket.

Miss Honora O'Rafferty, leading business, fat woman, female clown, coryphe, laundress and wardrobe mistress.

It was while this "extraordinary aggregation of individual talent" was playing under canvas on the New Jersey circuit that it was overtaken by a financial tornado and torn up by its roots, as it were. The character of the show was half circus and half opera, and when the company was not entertaining the public it was making itself practically useful in other capacities. As may be imagined, a more versatile and in-

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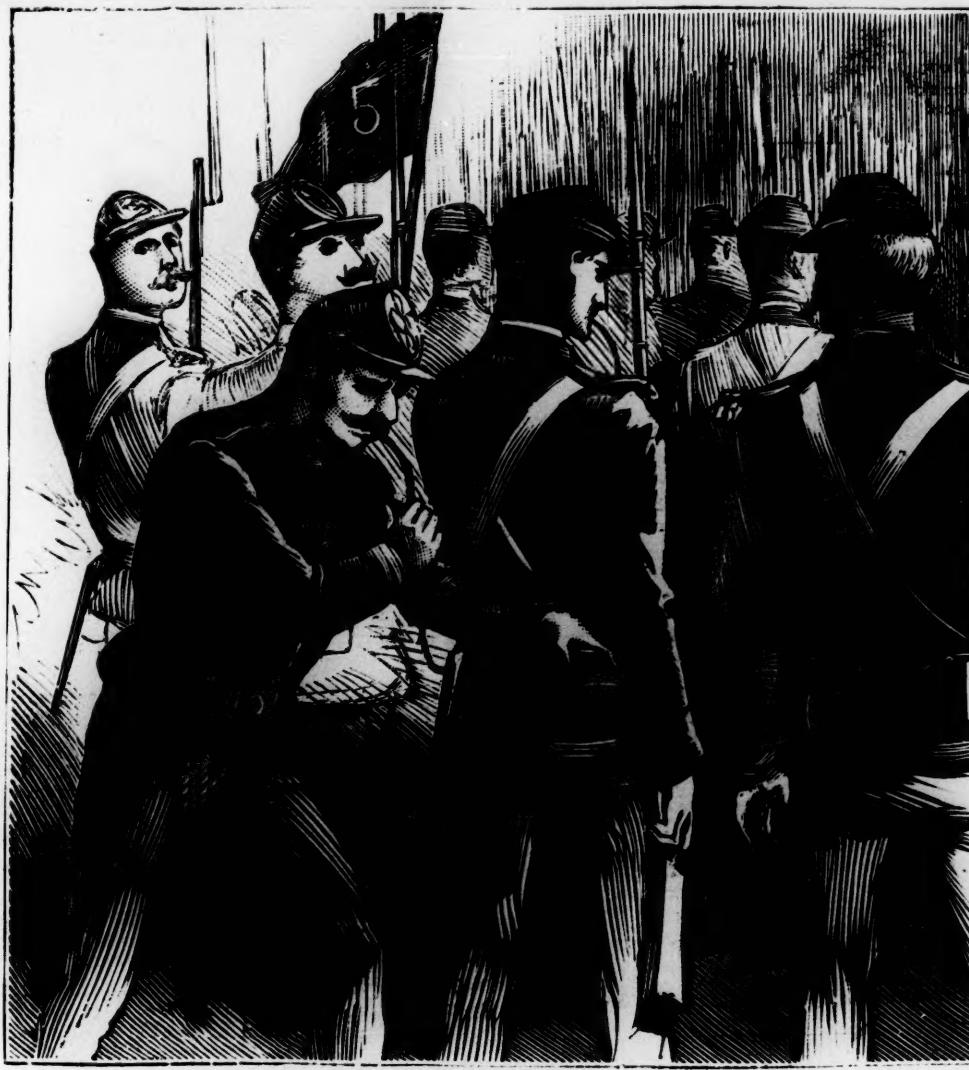
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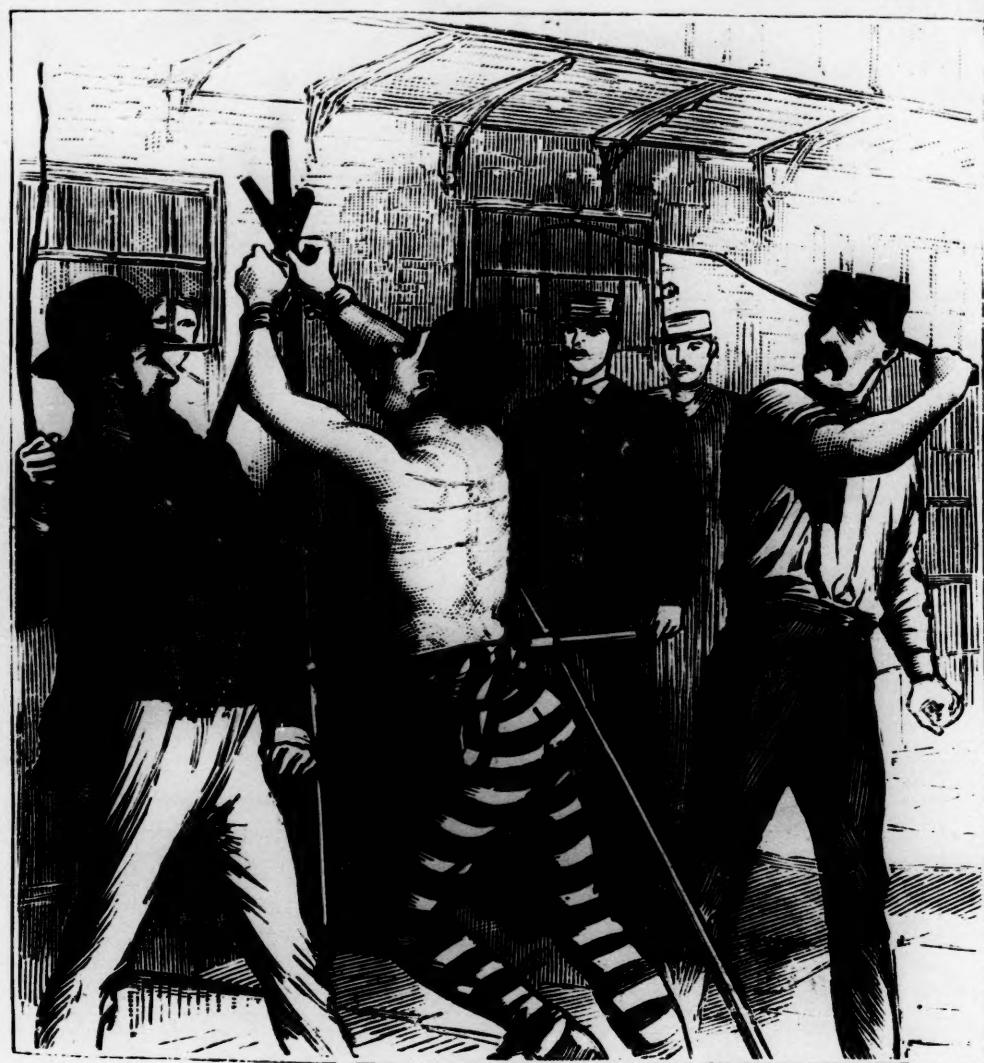
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A PERAMBULATING BAR.

THE NEW INVENTION WHICH IS A POPULAR FEATURE AMONG MARYLAND MILITIAMEN.



COWHIDING A CONVICT.

HOW WARDEN GREEN REPRESSED REBELLION IN THE KINGS COUNTY N. Y., PENITENTIARY.



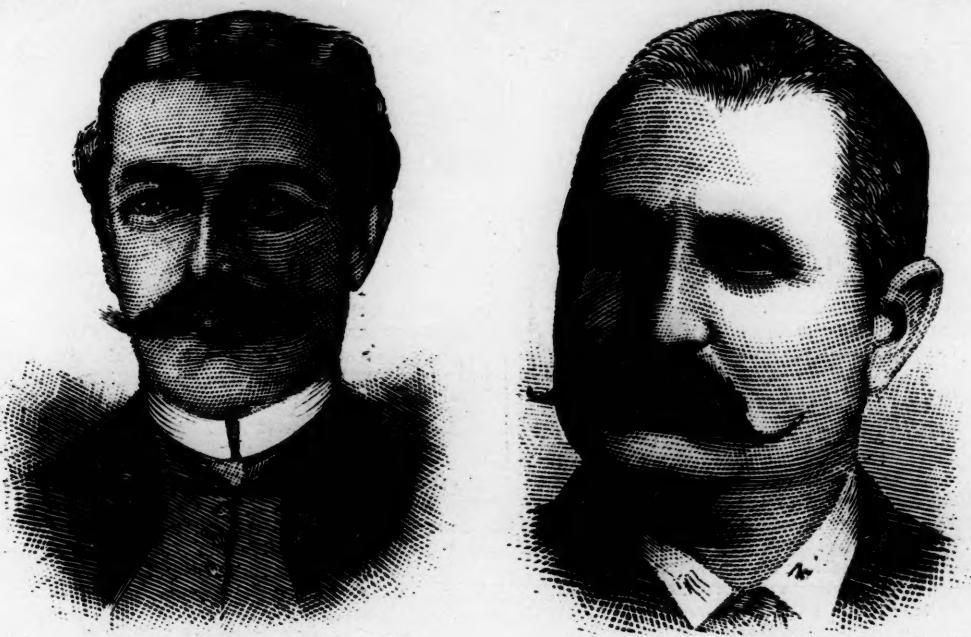
EMILY KEANE,

THE CHARMING SOUBRETTE OF THE HANLON-LEES "VOYAGE EN SUISSE" COMBINATION.



C. H. BURROUGHS,

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE ICA SIDDONS BURLESQUE COMBINATION.



"COUNT" GEORGE DE WOLFE,

AN ELEGANT GENTLEMAN WHO IS CHARGED WITH AN ARTISTIC FORGERY, ARRESTED BY DETECTIVE FAHEY OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

CHARLES RYAN,

A VERY WORTHY AND POPULAR LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER ON THE SECOND AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD.



HOWARD COOPER,

LYNCHED IN THE MOST THRILLING MANNER FOR THE BRUTAL ASSAULT ON MISS KATIE GRAY, AT TOWSON, MD.

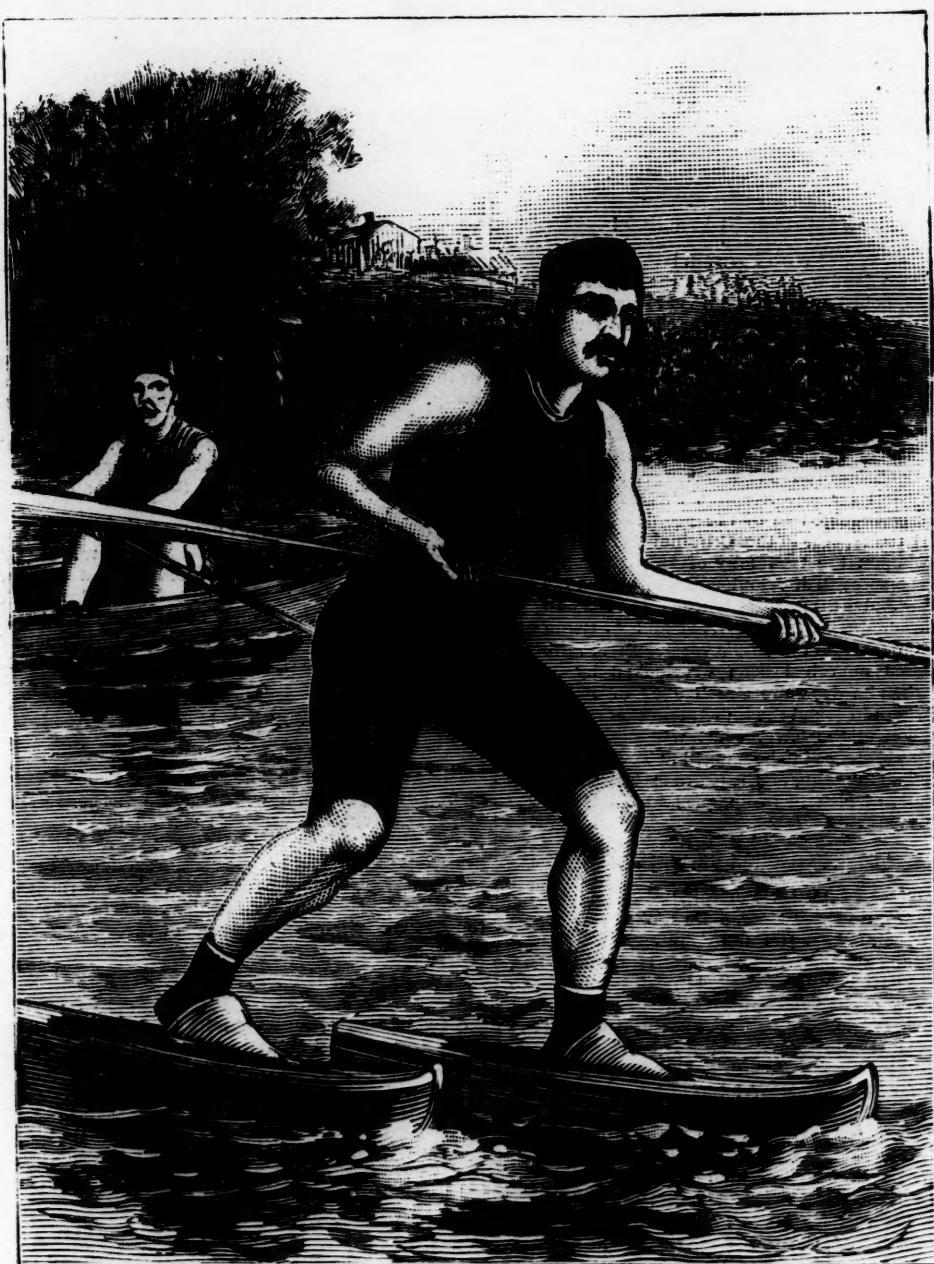
JOHN H. LEE,

AN ABLE MEMBER OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF BOSTON, MASS., WITH A GREAT ADMIRATION FOR MANLY SPORTS.



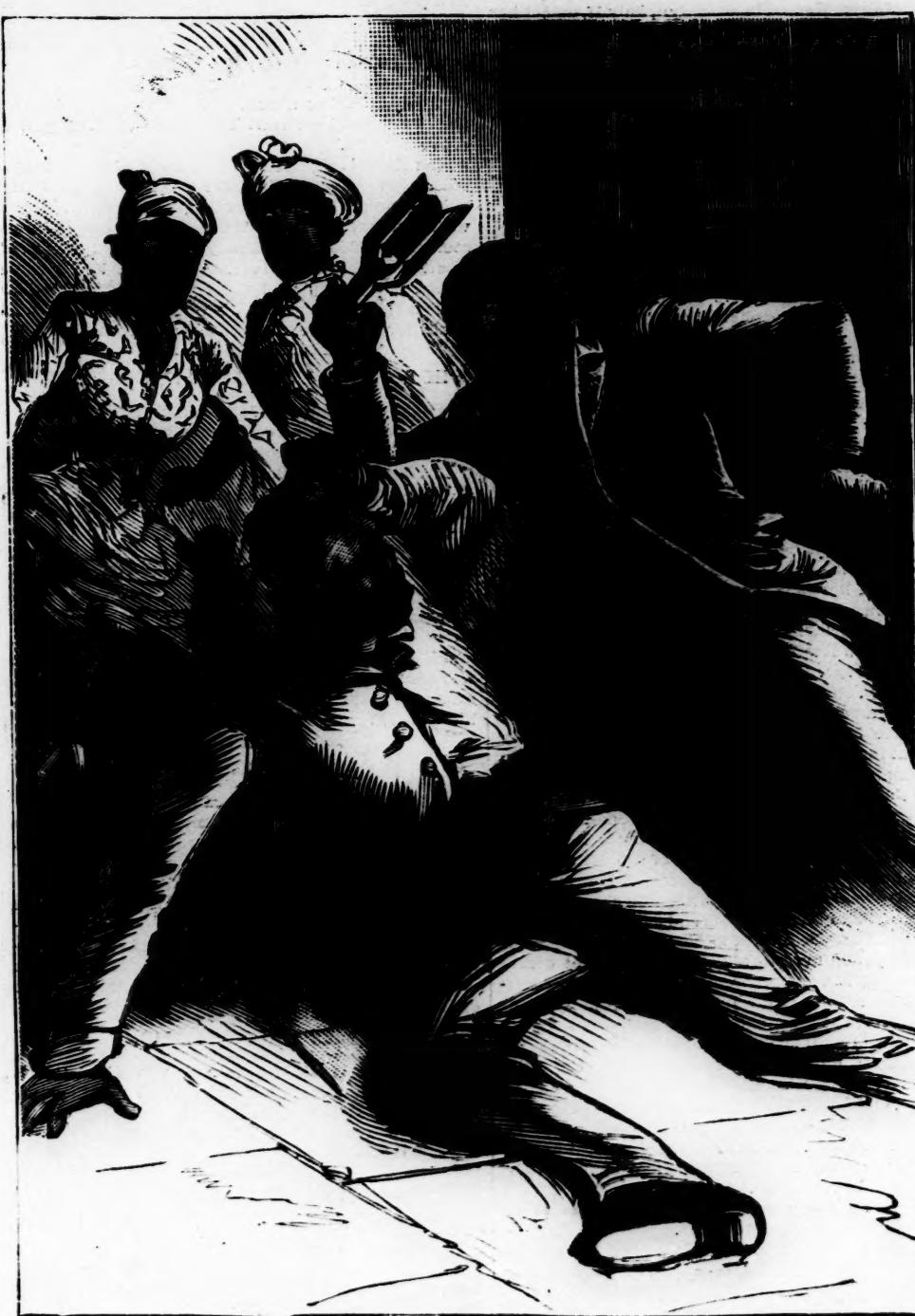
HE CUT HER CORDS.

HOW A GEORGIA MAN MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIS DAUGHTER TO IMPERIL HER SOUL BY DANCING.



LITTLE TIN SHOES.

THE CURIOUS APPARATUS WITH WHICH CABSMAN HANLAN WALKS ON THE WATER.



HE WAS CALLED A DUDE COON,

AND THAT IS WHY HE WENT TO SING-SING ON A CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.

SADIE MARTINOT'S TROUBLE.

A few days ago pretty Sadie Martinot, the popular *Nanon* at the Casino, received a message from a proprietor of a theatrical paper informing her he desired to submit an article to her before publishing it. Miss Martinot had to wait until the performance was over before hearing what the editor had to say. She met in the hotel parlor opposite, and in the presence of a friend, the agent who had been sent to her. He gave her the manuscript of the article referred to and she read it through. It spoke of her personal relations to men connected with the press, used in a most unwarrantable manner the names of well-known men, and managed to convey the idea that the criticisms of



Miss Martinot's *Nanon* were all influenced favorably or otherwise by her personal treatment of the writers. The actress threw up her hands after running through the article.

"In the name of heaven," she cried, "you do not intend to publish any such infamous and injurious rubbish as this, do you?"

The agent did not see how it could be prevented. He had an idea that it was very nice article. Miss Martinot then gave him back his manuscript and went away in great distress.

"Oh, dear, I'll pay anything rather than have that stuff printed about me," she said. "I cannot bear the idea of being thought such an idiot."

The affair was settled by a clever detective, who has placed the publisher in a very strange light. The latter, by the way, offered to compromise the matter by borrowing \$50 from the actress, which she refused to loan.

RUINED BY ROLLER-SKATING.

Ida Quinn, a pretty young girl, seventeen years old, tall, and with regular features and dark hair, stood up before Justice Kenna, in Brooklyn, July 17, and at her side was Detective Price, who found her in company with a number of other girls at Brady Brothers' Hotel, West Brighton. She was attired in a white dress trimmed with lace, and wore a pretty little bonnet. Her father, who lives at No. 588 De Kalb avenue, stood near her looking almost broken down. Last winter Ida was seized with the roller-skating mania and became a fancy skater. She also became acquainted with a number of professional skaters, and was led into bad company. When she saw her father in court she threw her arms around his neck and begged him to forgive her.

"You have sinned once too often," said the father. "You must go either to the penitentiary or the House of the Good Shepherd," said the magistrate.

"I cannot go there," she cried. "Oh, father, take me home and I will never, never leave it again."

The father would not relent, and Ida was carried out of court in a faint to spend six months in the latter institution.

BETRAYED AT SIXTEEN.

The peace of Van Buren and Fairfield counties, Iowa, is greatly disturbed and the whole community agitated over a terrible crime committed at Fairfield and Birmingham, which has resulted in the death of Mary Radabaugh, the daughter of the most prominent real estate owner in the two counties, and the prospective lynching of her betrayer. The facts, which only became known on the night of July 16, and which were a complete surprise to her friends, were stated by Miss Radabaugh a few minutes before her death two or three weeks ago. Miss Radabaugh went to Fairfield on Monday, ostensibly to visit her parents. They received an anonymous note asking them to come for her. She left Caweinville, Ia., and was subsequently found at the house of Mrs. Culbertson, and when taken home and put under the care of a physician it was found that she could not recover. When told she must die she said that Henry Baldwin, a prominent grain dealer, forty years of age, was the cause of her death. She said that when sixteen years of age Baldwin betrayed her under promise of marriage. He failed to keep his promise, and at his instigation she consented to criminal malpractices again and again.

The last time she refused to risk her life until Baldwin compelled her to do so under threat of death. She accused Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson of being accessory to the crime. Baldwin has not yet been arrested. He is secreted at Birmingham, it is said, because it is well known that if taken now he would be lynched.

Recently a crowd of 500 men armed to the teeth went to Fairfield, where, it was said, Baldwin was in custody, and forced the sheriff to allow them to search the jail. Parties are scouring the country. Every barn and outhouse is being searched. If caught he will hang on the spot. The people are in a state of fury and cannot be controlled. It is stated on good authority that an offer was made to deliver him up if he could be taken to a place of safety.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

On July 17 Chief of the New Orleans City Detective Force Thomas J. Boasso had a difficulty with a young man named Kuhn, in which the latter was worsted. The cause of this difficulty became known the other

morning, when a handsome young woman, Mary Catherine Kuhn, shot Boasso as he was standing on the street. The ball entered the abdomen and penetrated the liver, inflicting what is pronounced a fatal wound. Boasso was rapidly driven to the hospital, and was placed under the influence of opiates to deaden the pain. He refused to be interviewed as to the cause of the shooting, but the young woman proved more communicative. As soon as Boasso was carried off she walked to the Second Recorder's Court and surrendered herself, acknowledging that she had wounded the Chief of Aids and frankly expressed the hope that she had killed him. When asked for an explanation of her action she promptly furnished it.

According to Miss Kuhn's statement she had been betrayed by Boasso by means of a bogus marriage certificate and by playing upon the ignorance of his victim. Boasso was an old friend of her father and a frequent visitor to the house. The girl said that Boasso, as the first step in his scheme of villainy, secured the separation of her father and mother. She remained with the mother, and was approached by the Chief of Aids with a proposal of marriage. Believing him to be already married, the girl objected to his proposals on this ground, when Boasso silenced opposition by telling her that he was not married and that he lived with the woman because she was an important witness against him in a case wherein he was charged with shooting her husband, that he had sent her off and was now a free and single man.

This reply satisfied the scruples of the girl, who left the city with Boasso for a lake resort, where he told her they would be married. After they reached Mandeville she asked him if he had seen the Judge who was to marry them. Boasso replied that as Chief of Aids he had more power in the premises than any judge, and that the only formality required was a marriage paper, which he would secure. He returned to the city in the morning and went back in the evening, carrying a wedding ring, which the girl retains. The next evening Boasso returned with a marriage certificate signed by two witnesses, which he told the girl was all that was required to make their marriage legal, adding:

"Now you are happy; you are my wife and here is the document."

Boasso's name was signed to the bogus certificate, which also bore the name of Judge Voorhees. The girl affixed her signature and was told that the marriage was now complete.

When the young woman's mother subsequently called upon her she was told of the marriage and shown the certificate. Mrs. Kuhn's suspicions were aroused, and she advised her daughter to see her father at once about the matter. As soon as the father saw the certificate he pronounced it bogus. Upon learning that she had been deceived the girl charged Boasso with his deception. He said he would explain to her mother that it was all right. Miss Kuhn at once returned to her home and had not seen Boasso until the time of shooting. Her father presented the facts to the Grand Jury and also made the proper charges at the City Hall, but the girl determined to seek swift vengeance. Borrowing a pistol from her father, Miss Kuhn started out this morning in search of her betrayer. She tells what occurred when she found him as follows:

"Boasso was standing at the corner of St. Anthony and North Bampart streets, near a carriage, speaking to a woman. I walked up to him and he told me to go to my sister's house, that he would be over there in a few moments. I did not go, but I pulled out a pistol and shot him in the right side. He took the pistol from me, threw it into the carriage and, placing his hand on his side where I shot him, he said: 'You didn't do it right this time; now go away and don't say anything about it.' He then walked up to the carriage and got in with one of the gentlemen and drove up town."

Miss Kuhn is eighteen years of age and a handsome black-eyed brunet. In telling her story she spoke quickly and without hesitation, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Boasso's couch at the hospital was soon surrounded by his family and friends. His wife was among the first to arrive, followed by his aged father. They displayed great grief when told that there was little hope that he would recover. It was not believed that he would live through the night.

HE RESENTED BEING CALLED A "DUDE COON."

[Subject of Illustration.]

Singleton Rice, a colored waiter, was strolling through West Third street, on the night of May 24, with a dusky belle of that neighborhood on either arm. A young colored woman, standing in front of the house at 125, said: "Oh, look at the dude coon, with a straw hat." Rice's pride was wounded, and he called out. "I'll mash you, if I come back." Zachariah Francis Peterson, colored, dared Rice to come back and try it. Rice and Peterson had a set-to, and when Rice was worsted, he caught up a bottle from the street and fractured Peterson's skull. Peterson died, and Rice, who escaped, was arrested on June 11. He was tried in the General Sessions and convicted for assault in the second degree. Judge Cowing sentenced him July 17 to State prison for ten years.

CHARLES RYAN.

[With Portrait.]

This knight of the throttle commenced his career in the engine cab on the New Jersey Railroad, under Mr. John Headden, Sept. 4, 1868. He soon became a skillful locomotive engineer, and did faithful duty on the Pennsylvania road, where he was quite popular. On Dec. 20, 1878, Mr. Ryan came to this city to run a locomotive for the New York Elevated Railroad, a position he still holds with honor and respect of the officers of the company. He runs on the Second avenue division.

THEY FIXED THE FLAG.

Atlantic City is said to have a flag so wired that it cannot hang limp, even if there is no breath of air stirring. It is fixed above the gable of a hotel, and is intended to convince the heated guest that his discomfort is imaginary.

SHE DRIVES ZEBRAS.

The foremost belle at a California summer resort is not beautiful, and her wardrobe is not commanding fine; but she drives a four-in-hand of zebras, and that fixes her in the public eye.

We will consider it a favor to admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

HANLAN IN HIS TIN SHOES.

Walking on the Water and Victimizing Local Heroes in Alexandria Bay.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For a week or ten days two athletic oarsmen have been astonishing the famous Canadian rowers with feats of various kinds. A few days ago they met one of the fastest of the river steamers that plies between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, and notwithstanding the fact that she was going under a full head of steam, they easily left her in the distance. Every afternoon a spin is taken on the river by the two, who are no less than Hanlan and Lee, the famous oarsmen, and large crowds sit on the bank or piers and watch and time the performances. The oarsmen are said to be practicing for matches in which they are to pull in August, but in the meantime they are evidently getting considerable sport out of the natives of Alexandria Bay and at their expense. For several days after their arrival the inhabitants and idlers of the little town were somewhat exercised at two curious objects that were packed in the room under the Thousand Island House in which the racing shells were kept. These objects looked very much like models of dismantled hulks of an obsolete pattern, made of tin and perhaps resembling a pair of clumsy shoes. Some expressed the opinion that they were torpedoes, and, to say the least, they looked suspicious.

All doubt as to their use was cleared a few days later, by the pasting of bills about the town announcing the fact that Mr. Hanlan would appear upon the river in his recently-invented tin shoes, and, weather permitting, would walk upon the water. Furthermore, the walker offered a reward or prize of \$50 to any native of the Bay who would walk a certain number of yards in the tin shoes. This was sufficient to collect a large crowd just before sundown, and soon the rowers appeared, carrying the curious tin objects. They put them in a boat and were soon in the middle of the river. The shoes were then put overboard and held by the other occupant of the boat, while Hanlan carefully put a foot in each one, and shoved off, holding an oar after the fashion of a balancing pole. By the greatest effort, pushing the feet forward and back, the shoes moved over the water, carrying the wearer. It was evidently a severe test of endurance, yet the rower did walk on the water, or rather shuffle along. From a distance it did not look so difficult, and when the oarsman returned to his boat there were loud calls for the famous fat boy who holds out here. The fat boy objected upon the ground that if he got out in the channel some one would take him for an island and perhaps build on him. A gigantic negro was then supplicated, but could not be tempted. Finally a young man stepped out clad in a gorgeous black and yellow suit of tights, and after considerable trouble managed to get his feet into the shoes, and just as he was about to back out the boat shoved off, and left him to the mercy of the St. Lawrence and a laughing crowd. The big shoes almost immediately developed characteristics that they had not before shown, and as the victim tried to "skate off" under instructions from the professional, each foot or shoe started on its own hook, one heading for Montreal and the other for Clayton. This sort of thing could not last. The wearer, amid the yells of the crowd, disappeared beneath the waters of the St. Lawrence. He was picked up. After this Hanlan got into the shoes and gave another exhibition to show how very simple it was; but he failed to draw another victim. The \$50 remains to be won, and the exhibitions still go on, and the oarsmen derive daily amusement therefrom.

The shoes are made of tin or zinc, about three feet in length, and eighteen inches high. In the interior are sufficient air chambers to support the weight of a man, and in the taps are holes for the feet. The bow or toe is pointed, and the shoes are to all intents and purposes boats. To enable the wearer to get ahead upon the flat keel there are a number of hinged blades that swing flat when the foot is moved forward and remain solid, presenting a broad surface when the foot is pushed back, and by the resistance against these blades or surfaces the wearer moves along.

HOWARD COOPER LYNCHED!

[With Portrait.]

This negro fiend was taken from the jail at Towson, Md., and lynched last week by a very systemized mob. The crime for which Cooper suffered death was committed on April 2, within a mile of Rockland, Baltimore county, his victim being Miss Katie Gray, daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Gray, a respectable farmer of the neighborhood. After being hunted for several days he was captured skulking in a barn near the scene of his dastardly crime and was handed over to the county authorities. He was removed to the Baltimore City Jail for safe keeping, threats of lynching being freely indulged in by the people of Rockland. The trial took place in the Criminal Court of Baltimore, and upon the testimony of Miss Gray he was convicted on May 20 of felonious assault. On the following day Judge Stewart sentenced him to be hanged. His counsel, Messrs. George Weld and A. Robinson, took an appeal from the jury's verdict on the ground that colored men had been overlooked by Judge Fowler when he drew the Grand Jury of Baltimore county, where he found the indictment against Cooper. The decision of the lower court was sustained, and Cooper was sentenced to be hanged at Towson on July 31 inst. The lynching of the negro is the most thrilling sensation which has happened in the South for some time past.

"COUNT" GEORGE DE WOLFE.

[With Portrait.]

A young man named George De Wolfe, who represented himself to be a German Count, and who by his prepossessing appearance and refined manners has, during the past month, succeeded in gaining entrance into the best society in Montreal, was arrested on a charge of forgery. He has been confidential clerk in the banking establishment of Friedland and Somerville, at Berlin, Ger., and absconded, taking with him a number of blank forms of letters of credit. He arrived in New York, June 13, and at once visited the office of the American Exchange, who represent the Berlin firm in America.

To them De Wolfe represented himself as the confidential clerk of Friedland and Somerville, who had come to America for a short tour. He presented a letter of credit from the Berlin house, but as he was not in want of funds he simply requested that it be advised on another bank in some of the cities he intended visiting. His request was complied with, and the letter of credit to the value of \$1,500 was advised upon the Columbian Bank, of Philadelphia. It was

cashed in due time by De Wolfe, who appears to have gone from Philadelphia to Washington, where he made the acquaintance of a woman, whom he passed off as his wife. The couple went to Montreal about the beginning of this month, De Wolfe pretending to be looking out for investments.

His arrival at Montreal had been reported to New York, and Mr. Stuart, teller of the Philadelphia Bank, and Mr. Saule, of the American Exchange, in New York, arrived there, and swore out a warrant for the "Count's" arrest, which was immediately effected. He was arrested by the able Vidocq, John Fahey. The forgery is said to be an exceedingly clever one, but, as the American Exchange had suspicion that all was not right, they cabled to Berlin and were informed of the facts in the case. De Wolfe is an accomplished pianist, and speaks English and French fluently. He will be obliged to stand trial in Philadelphia.

CATHERINE LEWIS AND HER NYMPHS.

A correspondent writing from Atlantic City, says: "Shortly before noon, July 15, Catherine Lewis and her chorus girls entered the water and remained in nearly an hour. Catherine was attired in a neat-fitting blue bodice, with pantaloons and skirt to match. Her polka dot stockings showed a shapely pair of calves and comparatively tiny feet. She also wore a red turban, which made her look handsome. Every plunge and every stroke was perfect, and she was voted the most graceful swimmer of the day. Her ladies, who were all dressed alike, in blue and white, made the air ring with their merry laughter. Their suits were very scant, and displayed magnificently formed busts and limbs. Of course, the bulk of the sight-seers watched them. Will S. Rising, whose rich voice had been much admired here, was also present. He is a pretty fair sort of swimmer, and performed several astonishing feats in the water. One of them was to close his nose and ears while he dived his head. Miss Hattie Richardson, well remembered in Baltimore, who is here with McCull's company, at the Virginia Garden, bathes in one of the most unique costumes on the Island. It is made of the very lightest shade of navy blue, with trimmings of gold and silver; the skirt about the usual length, and the body tightly fitting. Her stockings were a bright red, with fine blue lines running through them, and her turban yellow, of almost as bright a shade as her skirt. She doesn't swim very much, but she is passionately fond of the water."

WHIPPING HIS MAID SERVANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The inhabitants of Foush Valley, along the Blue Mountain, Pa., were terribly excited when they learned that Stewart Kline, a stalwart farmer, had unmercifully beaten Sarah Linke, aged nineteen, with a horsewhip, in the front yard of Kline's house, under a willow tree. The girl writhed in agony as the heavy blows descended on her back and shoulders, and finally sank upon her knees and begged for mercy, and confessed that she deliberately and maliciously lied.

Miss Linke was a maid servant in the family, and the other day when Mrs. Kline returned home from a three hours' absence to the village store she found things in the kitchen in great disorder, the baby crying up stairs and covered with flies, and the maid locked in her room. Miss Linke refused to open the door and Mrs. Kline broke the door in. The girl was compelled to explain, and she said she had locked herself in to escape Farmer Kline.

The farmer proved by his son and his hired men that he had not left the field all the afternoon, and when the young woman insisted that she had told the truth the farmer unmercifully chastised her and sent her home. He was arrested by the father of the girl, who did not know of the girl's confession. When all the facts were brought out Farmer Kline was discharged and the father of the girl paid the costs. Miss Linke has since disappeared.

A SAILOR-BEAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While the rain was pouring in torrents last Tuesday morning a middle-aged man, dressed shabbily but respectably, caused a crowd to collect at the corner of Twenty-ninth street and Ninth avenue by his queer antics. He told the spectators he was a trained circus bear, and to prove his assertion attempted to hug two or three women who were watching him. They ran away. Then he turned handsprings backward and forward. He was in the act of lapping the muddy water in the gutter like a dog when Policeman Wall, of the West Twentieth street station, appeared and arrested him. He was wet to the skin and covered with mud.

He told the policeman his name was Will: n Moran and that he was a sailor on the bark Medora. He said he became a bear when his wife deserted him two months ago. He was arraigned before Justice Ford at the Jefferson Market Police Court. The magistrate committed him to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to examine him as to his sanity.

JOHN H. LEE.

[With Portrait.]

This gentleman is an able member of the City Council of Boston, Mass., in which city he was born in 1848. Three years ago Mr. Lee was elected to his present position from the 25th Ward and last year he served as president of the Council. He is a great admirer of the many sports, few of which take place without his presence. This councilman is also editor of the Brighton *Independent*, and a member of the Boston *Daily Globe* staff.

A CHINESE BELLE IN 'FRISCO.

A Chinese belle has arrived in San Francisco. She is the first genuine exhibit of her kind on the Pacific Coast. She is tall and handsome, and her feet possess the requisite deformity so thoroughly that whenever she walks a servant supports her at each side.

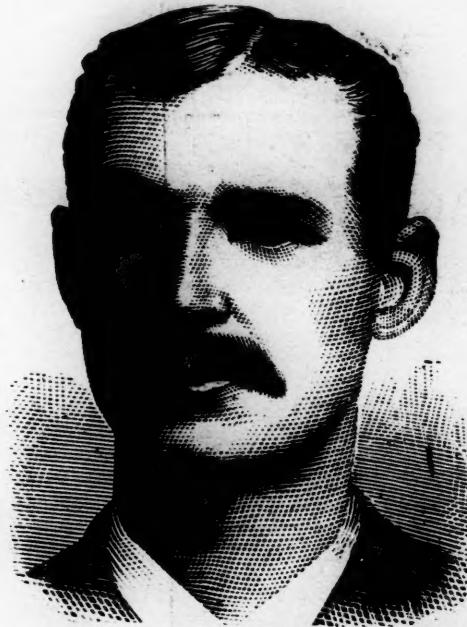
HE CUT HER CORDS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Georgia man tried to cut the cords in the feet of his daughter, so that she could not imperil her soul

BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



Joseph J. Gerhardt, who is unquestionably playing as finely at second base as any man in the country, was born at Washington, D. C., in 1855. His baseball career dates from 1883, with the Creighton Juniors, of Washington, who took their name in honor of the late famous "Jimmy" Creighton, of the old Excelsior Club, of Brooklyn. He played with that and other amateur clubs in his native city until 1873, when he made his *debut* as a professional player with the National Club, of Washington. He played with the Lord Baltimore Club in 1874 and with the Mutual Club, of New York, in 1875, where he was dubbed "Flyball Joe," and he has borne that name ever since. He played with the Louisville League Club in 1876 and 1877, and with the Cincinnati in 1878 and 1879; with "Mike" Scanlon's Club, of Washington, in 1880, and the Detroit in 1881. He was reserved by the Detroit for 1882, and was expelled by them for refusing to go back there to play; consequently, he had to remain idle during that season. In 1883 he played with the Louisville Club, in 1884 signed a conditional contract with them, whereby they agreed not to reserve him for 1885 if he played with them during the season of 1884. This made him a free man, and is really the cause of his being able to play in New York this season. Gerhardt never played in such brilliant style as he is doing this year with the New Yorks. In the short space of time he has been here, by his excellent work he has made himself one of the most popular man in the team. He is developing into a free, hard hitter, as well as a crack fielder. He is 5 feet 10 1/2 inches high, muscularly developed, but rather on the rawbone order, and weighs 164 pounds. While playing in Cincinnati in 1878 he received the nickname of "Move-up-Joe," which name has stuck to him in the West as "Flyball-Joe" has in the East. In those days "Joe" was a poor or rather timid base-runner. He was on one occasion on second base. There was a tremendous assemblage of spectators present, and a player who was coaching the team at the time kept shouting, "Move up, Joe," in order to get him to take more room toward third base, as he was hugging second too closely. The crowd took it up, and from that day till now he has been known all through the West as "Move-up-Joe."

Sutcliffe recently fell from the high cliff in Chicago and dropped clear to Memphis, Tenn., without injuring anything but his pride.

Ringo went down almost as fast as he went up. Detroit discovered he was not the great man he was cracked up to be, so they gave him the grand bounce.

It broke Gore's heart to be obliged to pay \$10 for the privilege of shooting off his mouth in Buffalo. But Gaffney said that was the amount, and it would go.

Young Baldwin is doing great work for the Detroit since the disbandment of the Milwaukees, and he will more than likely land them away up in the big League race.

The base-ball scourge in Portland, Me., is worse than cholera ever was, for every time a game is played all business in the town is suspended, and everybody goes to the ball-field.

Even if Devinney can't umpire, he is determined not to be driven out of the business, so he is now organizing a nine for Alton, Ill., to play against the country clubs in that section of the "great west."

Sam Crane, who had to be released from the Metropolitan Club a year ago on account of his poor playing, is now playing a wonderful game at second base for the Detroit, and is doing some very heavy batting.

There is nothing like a big brother. Some fellow made a remark about Pete Browning, the Giraffe of the Louisville Club, and Pete's big brother happened to hear the remark and up and knocked the stuffing out of the fellow.

Knoxville has it on the brain bad, in spite of the stifling weather. They are red-hot on base-ball, and want to buy a Southern League club, and probably they will be as red-hot to sell as they now are to buy before the close of the season.

Money is no object to the Birmingham people, even though their club is the "bummest" in the Southern League. They were crippled slightly in their finances recently, but a hint was sufficient, for within three hours the clowns had raised \$1,700.

The waters are not running as smoothly in the Newark Club as might be expected. The team is not winning, and the directors have stirred up such a heavy sea that Manager Jack Farrow was washed overboard, and Hickman was cast adrift for insubordination.

The American Association, probably, will not be so fly at the end of the season, as has been anticipated, as it is a well-known fact that the Cincinnati stand ready to take the place of the Buffaloes in case that club disbands, and also that two of their best drawing eastern clubs stand ready to make a deal with Providence, for their League franchise, at any minute that Providence sees fit to negotiate.

The same old difficulty of many years ago is being revived in the West. A party of St. Louis boys, playing under the name of the Missouri-Pacifics, and not knowing any more about business than so many cows, visited Hannibal, Mo., on a \$75 guarantee from an irresponsible man. They got beat, got \$17, and got leave to take their grips in their hands and walk home, as the \$17 was eaten up in their hotel bill.

The northern players have been handled well and made perfectly at home in the Southern League, but there is one thing the southern people will not put up with and it didn't take long for the boys to find it out, and that was the free style in which they handled the bug juice. The southerners made them walk the plank, and if they could not do it, they had to get up and dust.

Poor Mickey Welch is getting jumped upon, undeservedly, for having umpired a game in St. Louis, between the New Yorks and St. Louis, in which the New Yorks won. The picture was nothing like as bad as it was painted, but even the original painting which appeared in the St. Louis papers was grand compared with the daubs and chromos which are being produced at present. The very jackasses who knew the least about it are the very ones who have the most to say.

Umpire Sullivan gives a poor excuse for the blunder he made in Philadelphia, in deciding a base runner out, who was forced off his base on balls. Sullivan says the man tried to steal the base before he called the sixth ball, and in consequence thereof he was a base runner; but good common sense would tell the idiot that the runner was entitled to second base the moment he gave the batsman his base on the sixth bad ball.

Old Orator Shaffer got his back up on the top of his head, went to Lucas and asked for his release, because the official scorer only gave him one hit, when he thought he made two. Such baby work as this is bad enough for three-year-olds, but when a man gets up in his eighties, as Shaffer is, it is pretty nearly time for him to get over this pettishness and play ball and not have his record on his mind all the time.

If the seating capacity of the Philadelphia grounds is anything like the reports of the crowds who attend their grounds, it is all right. They claim to have a seating capacity of seven thousand one hundred and fifty, a number which they could not seat if they had ten tiers around the field, but when they have three thousand people present they are sure to give the actual count--twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

"Rooney" Sweeney, it is thought, will be appointed in the Fire Department to catch Charley Purroy in the Fire Department nine. Sweeney is a good one, and will make the Fire Department team as strong as the Police, but how "Rooney" is going to stand getting into a building and being choked up with smoke is a problem yet to be solved, as playing baseball is by no means the most difficult work a fireman has to perform.

A Providence evening paper says: "It is stated that a prominent banker and broker in New York city refused to accept \$1,000 which he had won on the New York-Philadelphia game, in which the New Yorks won. He said that the umpiring of Decker was so vile that he robbed the Phillips of a victory, and if he accepted the wager he would also be committing a theft." We would like to see something of that banker and broker. He would be a good man to put in a glass case and exhibit on Wall street as an honest broker.

It is reported that Arthur Irwin, who is home in Providence, nursing his broken finger, says that the action of Denny in running on the base line ahead of a base runner was caused by Glasscock, who attempted to play his usual trick of interfering with a base runner. If Irwin is correctly reported, his friends should not hesitate about matching him against all go-as-you-please liars of local, national or international reputation. He can win in any class--St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

Billy McLean made two or three hundred people so mad in St. Louis, July 13, on which occasion the Brooklyn and St. Louis clubs were to have played off the postponed game of May 28, that they would have about made Billy up into a nice mince pie had it not been for the police. It had rained in the early part of the afternoon, but the ground was dry as punk by the time they were ready to call the game. Billy, however, was tired and didn't feel like umpiring, so he had the nerve to walk right out on the field and announce that the ground was not in a fit condition to be played upon.

The Augusta correspondent of an Atlanta paper got into a scrapping match with Umpire Dunlevy at one of the principal hotels in Augusta, which created the wildest kind of excitement throughout the town. They were stopped, however, by friends before either of them was hurt, but the scandal circulated so rapidly that the latest ones to hear it imagined both men had been killed on the spot, and half the people in the town were around looking for fragments of the combatants until broad daylight, when they saw by the papers that the men hadn't even hit each other, but had only taken off their coats and danced around the corridor in front of each other, yelling at the top of their voices.

Incompetent umpires are very plentiful, and it is a common occurrence to see the assemblage rise up in indignation over glaring decisions. At Nashville, Tenn., July 7, McCue was umpiring for the Nashville and Columbus clubs. His decisions were very bad indeed, and about as severe on one club as they were on the other. The Nashville people got mad, and when they got mad it means something, so the police lost no time in hopping over the fence and surrounding McCue, and beating back the mob who were shouting "Kill him!" They followed the officers clear from the ball ground to the hotel, heaping abuse upon the head of the poor umpire.

The secret of the great success of the Atlanta Club, in Atlanta, Ga., who now lead in the race for the Southern League championship, and who will undoubtedly win it, is that the president of the Southern League resides in Atlanta, does not only reside there, but is a stockholder in the Atlanta Club and the editor

of the leading Atlanta paper. The style in which this gentleman jumps on the umpires with both feet and lays down the blue laws to them through the columns of his paper is sufficient guarantee that they will win the championship, for the moment an umpire dares not hear his warnings, he simply shows his power by dropping that umpire's head in the basket. All the Southern League clubs are on him, and he has the nerve to come out in his paper and say he has a perfect right to show the umpire where he makes his mistakes, that all he wants is to see fair and square umpiring, and that he would dismiss any umpire who said he was doing this to intimidate him.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The Chicagoans still continue to keep a good lead over the New Yorks in the battle for the championship of the League. The New Yorks, however, are a good second, and will, beyond a doubt, capture second place in the race, even if they do fail to take first place. The Detroit are pulling up in a pretty lively manner, and there is scarcely a doubt but they will stand third at the close of the season. It is a great disappointment for the baseball admirers in this vicinity to see the poor showing the Philadelphia, Boston and Providence clubs have made against their Western opponents in their present series on the Eastern grounds. The following is the full and complete record of the season's work up to July 21.

CLUBS.	Boston	Buffalo	Chicago	Detroit	New York	Philadelphia	Providence	St. Louis	Games Won
Boston.....	4	1	2	1	5	1	5	5	20
Buffalo.....	3	0	3	2	6	5	4	17	
Chicago.....	8	10	8	2	4	1	5	46	
Detroit.....	5	4	0	2	4	1	5	21	
New York.....	7	7	6	6	4	6	7	43	
Philadelphia.....	5	5	2	6	2	2	5	34	
Providence.....	5	7	3	6	4	6	3	34	
St. Louis.....	3	3	1	4	3	3	4	21	
Games lost.....	36	40	13	36	15	31	22	36	229

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The St. Louis Club have such a fine lead over all other opponents in the race for the championship of the American Association, that they will doubtless win with hands down. The Cincinnati, who are their next nearest competitors, are eight games behind them, and at this advanced stage of the season a lead of eight games means a big thing. The Pittsburghs and Louisvilles are also well up in the race, while the Metropolitans, Brooklyns and Baltimores are bringing up the tail end of the race, the Baltimores being at the very foot of the list. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, are the only one of the Eastern clubs who have made anything like a respectable showing, but even they are considerably in the rear of the lowest of the four Western clubs. There seems to be but little prospect of the Metropolitans, of this city, amounting to much this season, further than going ahead of the Brooklyn and Baltimore clubs. The full and complete record up to and including the games of July 20, is as follows:

CLUBS.	Athletic	Baltimore	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Louisville	Metropolitan	Pittsburg	St. Louis	Games Won
Athletic.....	3	5	5	5	5	5	3	3	31
Baltimore.....	3	4	3	3	4	4	2	2	24
Brooklyn.....	5	5	9	5	4	10	3	3	30
Cincinnati.....	6	7	5	5	4	8	2	2	27
Louisville.....	3	5	3	2	4	5	2	2	24
Metropolitan.....	9	7	7	5	2	7	5	3	38
Pittsburg.....	9	11	9	5	2	7	5	1	42
St. Louis.....	37	43	42	27	26	42	28	18	266

A gentleman hearing that Baldwin was going to sign with Chicago at the expiration of the ten days after his release from Milwaukee, and knowing that Baldwin had given his word that he would sign with the Detroit, he asked Baldwin if there was any truth in the remark. Baldwin replied: "This is the first I have heard about it. When Mr. Leadley came to Milwaukee to see me, I told him that I would play with Detroit, and that settled it. I had two or three tempting offers after that, but I told them I was engaged to Detroit. When my ten days were up I came here, and signed here, and play here I shall as long as I am wanted. When I promised Leadley that I would play here I considered that I was morally bound to come here. I have always kept my word as faithfully as my contracts, and I shall do so as long as I remain upon the ball-field. If I ever break my word I shall immediately retire." This is what we call a model man. We intend to have him photographed and have a picture of him given to every ball player in the arena, and nine extra ones to each reserve rule jumper and contract breaker.

A CHANCE FOR A FORTUNE WITHOUT WORK.

Great curiosity was shown as to who was favored by Fortune in the Grand Semi-Annual (the 18th Month) Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans, on Tuesday (always Tuesday) June 16th. Gen'l G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va., as usual, gave their personal attention to the entire distribution. All were satisfied--the winners more so than those holding blanks. The amount scattered was over \$62,000. Ticket No. 51,106 drew the First Capital Prize of \$150,000. It was sold in tenths at \$1 each. One was held by Frank Noni, Woodwards Guards; one by R. W. Tucker, both of San Francisco, Cal.; two-tenths collected by the American Nat'l of Nashville, Tenn., for Morgan Brown, Esq., a well-known lawyer there: one-tenth for Mrs. J. T. Dwyer, a saloon keeper, one for Bessie Lillenthal, a six-year old granddaughter of a well-known citizen--Abraham Leffler, all of Savannah, Ga.; the remainder went elsewhere. Ticket No. 86,354 drew the Second Capital Prize of \$50,000, sold in New York city to parties desirous of avoiding publicity. Ticket No. 4,726 drew the Third Capital Prize of \$20,000, sold in tenths: one to Jno. Wayne, of Detroit, Mich.; another to D. Fitzgerald, of Mound City, Ills.; the remainder were held by parties in Boston, Mass., and Granbury, Texas. Tickets Nos. 49,652 and 52,995 the Fourth Prizes, each drew \$10,000, sold in tenths also; one to A. A. Korus, Catawissa, Penn.; one to John O'Brien, of Boston, Mass.; two to C. F. Trube, of Fort Worth, Texas, one to W. J. Byrne, Russellville, Ky.; one to L. M. Lee, Rock Hill, Texas; one to Charles Saveloh, Alameda, Cal. Other tenths were sold elsewhere. *Louisville Argus.*

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any newsdealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

MR. TIVEY WAS FLOGGED,

And Was Thus Persuaded to Stop Howling for Hash.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"It was a question of life and death to many, and I did not stop to read the statutes to ascertain if the law permitting flogging had been repealed."

This was the statement made the other day by Warden John Green, of the Kings County Penitentiary, after he had applied the lash to the bare back of one of the ringleaders of the convicts who had created the trouble in that institution. The chastisement had the effect of breaking the backbone of the rebellion, and the convicts now realize that the warden has the trump card. The cry of "Hash" which has resounded through the gloomy corridors of the prison for almost a week is no longer heard. Order has been re-established.

During Sunday the eighty convicts who had refused to work and were confined in the dark cells begged for mercy. They promised the warden that if they were allowed to go back to their old cells and to work in the morning they would be submissive to the rules. The warden accordingly sent sixty of them back to the long term tier, but kept twenty of those who had been most ugly in the stifling hot, dark cells.

Thomas Tivey, alias John McGuire, alias John Lynch, was one of the sixty released from close confinement. He is serving a five years' sentence for burglary in the third degree and grand larceny in the second degree. He has served but one year of his term. The warden says he is not a sufficiently expert thief to make a good living at his work outside.

The warden left the penitenti



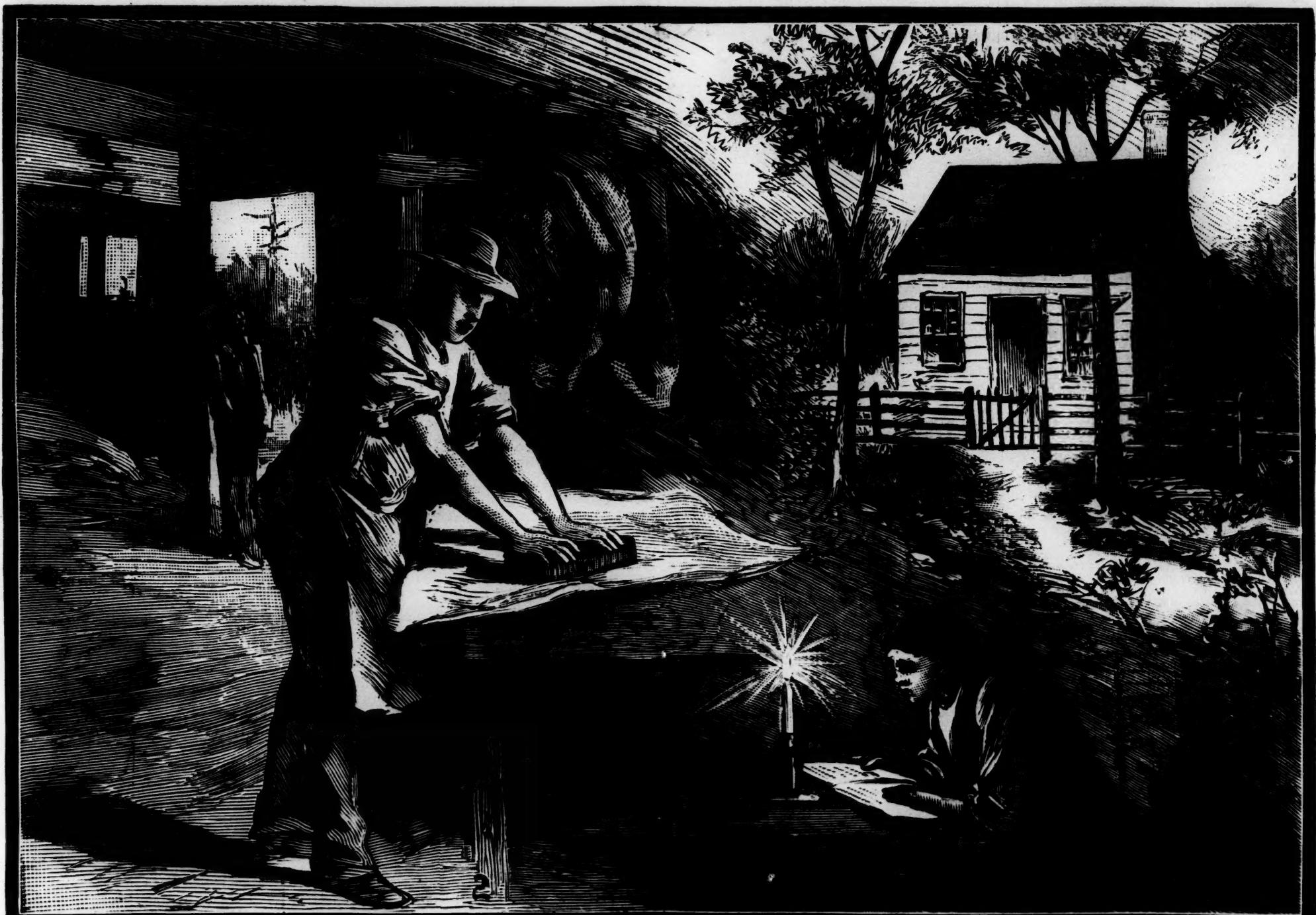
THE DEATH BED.

"AT LAST THE STRONG, HEROIC SOUL PASSES AWAY."



HIS LAST HOURS.

SOME OF THE SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE HERO'S DEPARTURE. I.—"FIX THAT CLOCK." II.—THE UNAVAILING HYPODERMIC. III.—THE COTTAGE ON THE MOUNTAIN. i



THE DIM PAST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE DEAD HERO'S BOYHOOD AND YOUTH. I.—THE HOUSE HE WAS BORN IN. II.—TANNING AT GALENA. III.—STUDYING FOR WEST POINT.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arealic Events of the Week.

Mike Cleary is stopping at the Byron Mineral Springs, Contra Costa, Cal.

George Cooke has several pupils at Newburg whom he thinks will prove good ones.

Paddy Ryan feels quite confident that he will be able to arrange a match with Sullivan.

George Holden, Frank White's antagonist at Conneaut, O., is stopping in Walsall, Eng.

John Knifton, the 81-toner, and Tim Smith, both noted English pugilists, intend to visit America.

Bill Davis, the Birmingham pugilist, now living in New York, is in very bad health. Still he manages to hold his own in his bouts.

Jim Goode, who spent some time in this country and engaged in several disastrous battles, is now a foreman in a London fish market.

Sporting men are discussing Pete McCoy's chances in a match with LaBlanche, of Boston, and the opinion prevails that the latter is a dangerous man.

Tommy Maguire is matched to fight a Bridgeport, Ct., unknown, with hard gloves, for \$250 a side. The sports of the latter place are backing their champion heavily.

The arrangements for a fight to a finish for a purse between Mac's Still Us and Tommy Barnes hangs fire. The former is anxious and ready at any time for the fray.

Bill England, who came to this country with the intention of contesting Sullivan's title, and who got badly beaten by every pugilist he met, has fallen into good luck since his return home, a deceased grandfather having left him £2,000.

Bill Goode, who fought Jack Perry and Bill Roberts very gamely this past winter in England, intends to make a visit to this country before long. He is anxious to give Jack Burke a rally to a finish, either with gloves or the raw 'un.

Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson of Chicago, writes that he will match Jack Burke against any pugilist in America, bar Sullivan. Just wait, Charley, until Ned Mallahan's new champion of England arrives, then you will find some one ready to meet your champion.

Harry White, of the Bedford Athletic Club of Brooklyn, and Young Liddy, of Elizabeth, N. J., are to engage in a glove contest, to a finish, for a diamond medal put up by the Bedford Club and the amateur light-weight championship of New Jersey, the contest to take place in two weeks in New Jersey.

Dick Brook, a well-known sporting man, has been authorized to match Dick Jones, the colored giant, against any man in America, bar John L. Sullivan, to box 6 rounds or to a finish, as soon as the Rawlins match is over, win or lose. This bespeaks a great deal of confidence in a young sparring, but, as Tom McQueary says, "Jones could knock a man's nose off if his hand was encased in a pillow."

The New York "Daily News" says: "Arthur Chambers, the well-known sporting man and retired pugilist of the Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, Pa., is eager for Richard K. Fox to make him the custodian of the diamond champion belt. He claims that he can bring a mill off between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, and Paddy Ryan, ex-champion.

Jack Dempsey says "Charley Mitchell cannot stop me in 4, 6 or 8 rounds with soft gloves, and I'll put up my own money on it. I would like to meet him in a 24-foot ring to a finish with the knuckles. If he beats me by fair means I'll shake his hand and call him my master, but I don't think he can whip me any way he takes it." Jack seriously contemplated going to Australia before long.

A short but desperate fight between Michael J. Scully and James F. Carroll took place between Williamstown and Chicopee station, Mass., on July 15. Scully refused to fight Carroll on a fair stand up, and Carroll consented to a rough-and-tumble, bare hands. In the first round Carroll knocked Scully down, and in the second repeated it, and pounded him beyond recognition. Scully weighs 215 pounds and is twenty-four years of age. Carroll is 190 pounds and is thirty years of age. The actual time of fighting was 2 minutes, and Carroll won easily. There were about a dozen spectators.

The prize slugging mill at O'Neil, Col., last Saturday night between Ed. Miller, of Omaha, and Pat McNally, a local champion of O'Neil, resulted in a grand victory for the Omaha boy. In 8 rounds Miller knocked him out of time, and when the referee refused to give him the fight, also knocked the referee to kingdom come or some other seaport. The affair is said to have been exciting. At first they proposed to give merely a friendly exhibition, and divide both the stakes, \$250 a side, and the door money, but it seems that McNally had made up his mind to get away with Miller. Before they started in some of Miller's friends learned what was in the wind and warned him to look out. Sure enough, when they received the word McNally went for Miller like a mad elephant, but he put himself up against the wrong man.

The following explains itself:

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., July 19, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:

Sir: No denial from Fred. Zachritz, of St. Louis, stating that I never fought or defeated him in a ring at Tom Kelley's.

I would just refer you to the latter gentleman, Mr. Kelley, for the facts of the fight, as he handled Mr. Zachritz in that contest against me. Morris O'Connell was the one who handled me.

I defeated Mr. Zachritz in the very short time of 7 minutes' fighting, which press and public very well know. Now, if Mr. Zachritz wants another he has only to post a forfeit of \$100 with Mr. Tom Kelly or Tom Allen, of St. Louis, to fight for any sum he may choose to name, and I will immediately go there and accommodate Mr. Zachritz with pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

Jack King.

Arthur Chambers, the well-known sporting man and retired pugilist, of the Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, Pa., is eager for Richard K. Fox to make him the custodian of the diamond champion belt. He claims that he can bring a mill off between John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist of the world, and Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion. Sullivan is ready to meet Ryan in the orthodox 24-foot ring for the trophy, and the sporting public, from Maine to Oregon, are eager to witness Sullivan and Ryan again fight for the championship of the world. Ryan a few days ago said: "I should only be too glad to meet Sullivan again to prove I can whip him. Richard K. Fox is in Paris and consequently cannot reply in person to Arthur Chambers' offers. On July 21 Wm. E. Harding, who arranged the last contest between Sullivan and Ryan for \$5,000 and the championship for Richard K. Fox, said: "If Arthur Chambers is certain that he can bring about a glove contest between the champion and ex-champion I will, in Mr. Fox's absence, transfer the champion belt to Chambers, and he can come on for the trophy and make the arrangements as soon as opportunity offers. The sporting public on both sides of the Atlantic are eager to witness another contest between Sullivan and Ryan, and if any one can bring the rival gladiators together Arthur Chambers can do so.

The glove fight between Richard Matthews, "the young American," and Eugene Donovan, the champion of Australia, was fought June 1, at Parnell Hall, Auckland, Australia. The match was fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and was a most interesting exhibition. Several exhibitions were given previous to the great fight, in which Murphy, Burns, Morris, "Deerfoot" Smith, Campbell, and Green took part. At 9 P. M. sharp Donovan stepped into the ring, and Matthews instantly followed. Donovan was stripped to the buff, but Matthews wore a white jersey. Mr. George Belcher was chosen timekeeper and referee, and read the Queensbury rules to the audience, and the fight began. Donovan shaped in his usual scientific manner, but Matthews showed little science. He stood, slightly crouching, with his left well advanced, and his right drawn right back to the side. He evidently did not wish to avoid

punishment, but simply to finish his job as quickly as possible with his right. Round 1. Donovan made play, and got his right and left in lightly. Matthews followed up, and getting Donovan in the corner, let go a smart left-hander on the nose, and then swung his right well in on the side of the head; Donovan came out of the corner shaking his head; and smart sparring on Donovan's part, and light gobbing with the left from Matthews finished round one. Round 2. Donovan again began hostilities, but Matthews forced him into a corner again, and let go several vicious right-handers. He got on once, but the others Donovan avoided by moving his head aside, and they went just past his ear and neck. Donovan worked out of the corner, looking very dazed, and by repeated ducks just missed at least half a dozen right-handers which would have finished the battle. Matthews never used the upper cut, which would have told terribly, as Donovan was too shaky to duck quickly. Time was called, but both continued fighting, as they did not hear it, and Matthews got in a left and right very hard on the nose and forehead, and Davis, Donovan's second, claimed a foul, but did not persist, as his man was also fighting. Round 3 and last, Donovan came up rather "Quisby," and Matthews went to finish him. He drove the little "un" around the stage, hitting him several fair lefts and one or two rights, but not on the weak spot, though two or three straight right-handers on the ribs made Donovan stagger and left scarlet marks on the flesh. He bored through Donovan's guard with his left and backed him up to the wall. Then suddenly shot his right out half round and took Donovan just above the ear. His head banged against the wall, and he dropped quite insensible. Davis at once picked him up, and so lost him the fight in any case, but as soon as he could speak he acknowledged himself fairly beaten. When asked subsequently, he said he had no idea a man could hit such a blow. "It was like a kick from a horse." Matthews then won the battle by a round and 10 seconds. W. Matthews was born in San Bernardino, Cal., in 1858, so that he is twenty-eight years old. His brother, S. Matthews, is champion middle-weight wrestler of the Pacific Coast.

At a short distance from St. Paul, Minn., on Sunday, July 19, the long pending fistic encounter between Charley Hadley, the well-known colored pugilist, and Mervine Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt, was decided in a satisfactory and business-like manner. Ever since the match was arranged, and the pugilists signed articles of agreement, the sporting denizens of St. Paul, who delight in witnessing a genuine fistic encounter, discussed and wagered their funds on the probable result. The articles of agreement specified that the men should contend according to the POLICE GAZETTE revised Queensbury rules, and that there should be no limit to the number of rounds. After the protocol was signed, while many conceded Thompson would win, the majority, especially Hadley's friends, were confident their champion had the best of the bargain, because the POLICE GAZETTE rules barred pugilists from giving a genuine fistic encounter, and this was the case.

Pete Duffy, the Ottawa sprinter, announces his willingness to give Bethune, of Montreal, one yard start in a 100-yard race to come off within three weeks, and to be for any sum to \$250.

As the British cutter Genesta has been invited to accompany the fleet of the New York Yacht Club on its Squadron cruise, she will be eligible to start in all races that may be sailed.

E. F. Mallahan, the well-known sporting man and

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

No race has yet been arranged between Meagher and Raby at Boston.

Isadore Cohnfeld writes that he is ready to match Max Cobb for another race against Phalas.

A 100-yard handicap foot-race was run at Laramie City, Wyo., recently, and J. Ross won, starting from the scratch, in 11 seconds.

Arthur Chambers is eager to match Joe Acton to wrestle any man in the world, either catch-as-catch-can or Graceman style, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

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business-like manner. Ever since the match was arranged, and the pugilists signed articles of agreement, the sporting denizens of St. Paul, who delight in witnessing a genuine fistic encounter, discussed and wagered their funds on the probable result. The articles of agreement specified that the men should contend according to the POLICE GAZETTE revised Queensbury rules, and that there should be no limit to the number of rounds. After the protocol was signed, while many conceded Thompson would win, the majority, especially Hadley's friends, were confident their champion had the best of the bargain, because the POLICE GAZETTE rules barred pugilists from giving a genuine fistic encounter, and this was the case.

Pete Duffy, the Ottawa sprinter, announces his willingness to give Bethune, of Montreal, one yard start in a 100-yard race to come off within three weeks, and to be for any sum to \$250.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-ing Interest.

I understand Chinn & Morgan's race-horse Ban Fox is another Leonatus.

I have my doubts about Ban Fox being as fast as Leonatus, but I do know that his owners have refused \$15,000 for the winner of the Hyde Park stakes.

James R. Wilcox, of Romeo, Mich., offers to match an unknown to jump any man in America for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side. Goo. Hamilson must have a home on a vacation.

Who is Wilcox's great unknown? It is my opinion it is Hamilton, of Fredericks.

It is not often Ireland turns out a champion athlete, but at hammer-throwing the Green Isle has a genuine champion.

I mean William J. M. Barry, who, at Tralee, on June 17, threw the hammer 116 feet 3 inches, or 2 feet beyond the best record.

Barry's record will be a first-class mark for Duncan C. Ross to cut, but the champion all-round athlete will probably practice to tie Barry's performance, let alone beat it.

I understand Mike Cushing, of Elizabethport, and Jack Eagan, of Philadelphia, have been matched to fight to a finish within three weeks for \$250 a side. They are to scale at 130 pounds.

I have been informed that sporting men of Boston have an idea that George Le Blanche, the Marine, can defeat any man in the world at his weight, 150 pounds, and that they are willing to match him against all comers at that weight.

Now, I am certain that Jack Dempsey, the Phenomenon, would be a match for Le Blanche, with or without gloves, and when Dempsey returns East there will be a match, probably for big money.

There is nothing strange about the Argonaut crew being defeated in England.

Several times in the rowing history of America have college and amateur crews invaded England with colors flying, and returned with their trailing in the dust.

In 1869 a crew from Harvard College crossed the Atlantic to conquer a plucked four representing Oxford University, and were beaten out of sight over the Thames championship course.

The Atlanta four went over to conquer the London Rowing Club, and were not only beaten, but the London Rowing Club four made them a laughing stock.

The Hillsdale four met with fishermen's luck.

The Shooasmettes received the same dose of medicine.

Cornell College four were not only beaten in England, but by a German crew, and returned disgraced.

Columbia College four is the only crew that upheld their country and gained laurels and glory by winning the Visitors' cup at Henley.

Day after day the New York "Daily News" contains a challenge from Jack Boylan, Jim McHugh, Jim Connors or some other pugilist, but for every ten challenges issued, there is not one match arranged.

If the "Daily News" would follow the system of this paper and insist that a forfeit of \$50 must accompany the challenge, they would be few and far between.

There are many pugilists who are eager to battle for fame and glory, while there are others who merely issue challenges to keep their names before the public, or to benefit the bon-fice of some sporting house where they rendezvous.

It is on "dit" that Paddy Ryan is going to Boston with Jimmy Paterson to arrange a glove contest with John L. Sullivan.

No one can deny but that in Modesty Ed. Corrigan owns an A. No. 1 race horse.

Modesty has won nine of the ten races in which she has started.

Her winnings so far exceed \$11,000. Modesty's time for 1 mile (1:41 1/4), made at Chicago, on July 9, with 113 pounds up, is the best ever made at the weight.

A shooting match for a purse of \$1,000 has been arranged for July 27 between Capt. A. A. Newman and Joseph Kieshaar, of the Jersey City Schutzen Corps, on one side, and Capt. Fred. Zeugner and Joseph Wilkinson of the Greenville Schutzen Corps, on the other. The match will be decided at the Greenville Schutzen Park, before ring targets.

Who is the stakeholder who is backing Newman and Kieshaar against Bogardus and mate?

Just as I expected, Chas. E. Courtney, the aquatic Jonah, gave the sporting men who visited Cayuga Lake, Ithaca, N. Y., recently, to witness his race with Conley, the same dose of bitters that he did at Oak Point, N. Y., on July 4, 1884, when he was to row Wallace Ross, but failed to do so.

About 5,000 persons assembled to witness the 5-mile race advertised to be rowed, but it was indefinitely postponed. The crowd were indignant, and opinions were freely expressed that Courtney never intended to row, and that he was at the bottom of Conley's non-appearance. Others said that a man who had already broken his engagement with the Cornell crew at Worcester would not scruple to disappoint the expectations of his townsmen.

It is a wonder Courtney does not retire from the aquatic field. Nearly every race he has engaged in has been either a defeat or a fiasco.

Of all games that have degenerated in the past decade in England rowing is the worst sufferer.

At present England enjoys the melancholy reflection that it cannot boast of one oarsman who could make the fourth or fifth best American gallop to win.

Look at the days of Bob Coombers, Harry Clasper, Harry Kelly, Bob Chambers and James Bonforth, oarsmen who in their time could give any man their wash and laugh to scorn the idea of any American oarsman being able to make them gallop as much as half a mile of water.

Green, the Australian, was the first oarsman to attempt to win the English single-scull championship, and James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was the first American who crossed the Atlantic to row for the championship of the world.

It is needless for me to say that Harry Kelly at that date, July 1866, made a show of the American in both the races which were rowed on the Tyne.

Recently "Bell's Life" in speaking of the decline in rowing and referring to Kelly's races with Hamill in 1865, said.

"Hamill, the American champion, was a real duffer, a milk-and-water edition of Green, yet he had beaten all the Yankee and Canadian cranks. He simply could not see the way Kelly went after the first spurt, and if he had been in a Coat-and-Badge race would have hard work to win.

"As for Walter Brown, of America, he had at least the sense to find out his own weakness before he made any matches in this country. He came, he saw our best men; he conquered Joe Sader's younger brother (who was not within two minutes of the champion form over the course) and then he went back a wiser man and in pocket by his caution.

"Since those days our professional sculling has steadily gone to the bad. It is not Canada alone nor Hasian that beats us. America has Ross, and probably Courtney, good enough to beat any of our men.

"We saw what even Hosmer did in the 'Hop Bitters' regatta, in which no English sculler could gain a prize. Australia also has passed us, and Laycock has done more than even Trickett did to humiliate our scullers."

"An oarsman can live easily on money, but he will have a hard time of it trying to exist on glory."

"Now, if an oarsman in a race does not take the outside betters into consideration, and, as they say, rows only for the stake money which is supposed to be the largest pot, why not row for what is in the pool-box, as that generally contains about five times as much as the stake money."

"It is my opinion we are superior to England in everything relative to rowing, not only in the stroke method and style of rowing, but also in our style of boats and their equipment. I think its epitaph, written long since, was engrossed and emphasized.

"When Wallace Ross allowed George Bubear 10 seconds start in a race over the Thames championship course and defeated him with comparative ease.

"It is my opinion when people, with the slightest claim to good or decent oarsmanship, are conceded 10 seconds start in an international match race rowed on their own waters, isn't it sheer folly to talk about copying or learning their stroke?"

"I believe that to any intelligent devotee of American rowing, this question fully and beyond controversy answers itself."

"Some time ago Capt. Robert Cook, of Yale, spent weeks in England to study the English stroke."

"On his return to this country he attempted to resurrect it, but failed."

"Cook's failure illustrated practically the absurd folly of battling for a lost cause or an attempt at reviving a dead issue."

"The Ward Brothers on the day they defeated two of the best English crews at Saratoga, N. Y., and won the four-oared championship of the world buried the so-called English stroke fathoms deep."

"I notice that there is quite a controversy going on among the turf authorities in regard to whether the fastest trot of all ages are trotting bred on both sides of the house or not."

"Some writers claim they are not. I have not much to write on the subject, but to prove they are publish the following list, which should settle the question, I think, beyond all dispute:

"One year, Hinda Rose, b. f., by Electorioner, dam by The Moor, 2:36 1/2. Two years, Wildflower, b. f., by Electorioner, dam by St. Clair, 2:21. Three years, Hinda Rose, b. f., by Electorioner, dam by The Moor, 2:19 1/2. Four years, Salina Benton, gr. f., by Gen. Benton, dam by Mohawk Chief, 2:17 1/2. Five years, Jay-Eye-See, blk. g., by Dictator, dam by Pilot, Jr., 2:10 1/2. Six years, Jay-Eye-See, blk. g., by Dictator, dam by Pilot, Jr., 2:10. Seven years, Maud S. ch. m., by Harold, dam by Pilot, Jr., 2:10 1/2. Eight years, Hastings Woodward, b. m., by Aberdeen, dam said to be by Henry Clay, 2:15 1/2. Nine years, Maxey Cobb, b. s., by Happy Medium, dam by John, 2:13 1/2. Ten years, Maud S. ch. m., by Harold, dam by Pilot, Jr., 2:09 1/2. Eleven years, St. Julian, b. g., by Volunteer, dam by Sayer's Harry Clay, 2:11 1/2. Twelve years, Barus, b. g., by Conklin's Abdallah, dam by Telegraph, 2:13 1/2. Thirteen years, Hopeful, gr. g., by Godfrey's Patches, dam by the Bridham horse, 2:16 1/2. Fourteen years, Hopeful, 2:15 1/2. Fifteen years, Goldsmith Maid, b. m., by Alexander's Abdallah, dam by Abdallah, 2:16 1/2. Sixteen years, Goldsmith Maid, 2:17 1/2. Seventeen years, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14. Eighteen years, Goldsmith Maid, 2:16. Nineteen years, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14. Twenty years, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14 1/2."

"I have heard so many arguments about records, and so many figures quoted wrong, that for the benefit of the readers of this paper I print the following authentic records:

"Locomotive, Pennsylvania Railroad, 0:43. Running horse, Ten Broek, 2:39 1/2. Pacing horse, Johnston, 2:06 1/2. Trotting horse, Maud S., 2:09 1/2. Bicycling, John S. Prince, 2:39. Skating, "Fish" Smart, 3:00. Running man, William Cummings, 2:15 1/2. Rowing, four oars, 5:11. Snow shoes, J. F. Schotes, 5:39 1/2. Walking man, W. Perkins, 6:23. Swimming, C. F. Senk (strong tide), 12:42 1/2. Swimming, J. J. Collier (still water), 28:19 1/2."

"It is my opinion that Dr. D. A. Sargent, who frequently interests and instructs those who listen to his discourses on athletics is a crank."

"In a recent lecture on the "Evils of the Professional Tendency of Athletics" he asserted that rowing, boxing, cricket and pedestrianism have had their best day, and that baseball would die out before long. Dr. Sargent is attached to Harvard College, the faculty of which opposes college participation in the majority of manly pastimes."

"I venture to remark that all the sports enumerated above will retain their hold on public favor long after the worthy doctor and the writer have learned to play them in the spirit world."

"It is a common thing to hear scullers say they have not been treated right and in nine cases out of ten, were the facts known, their assertions are true."

"Scullers, like other people, want something more than glory for their victories, but with a couple of exceptions glory is about what our rowers get when they are successful."

"That this is a fact any one conversant with aquatics whereabouts knows. I have known scullers to win races after five or six weeks hard training, on which at least \$3,000 have changed hands, and not receive over \$25 from the outside betters."

"This, with their share of the stake, would probably give them \$125. Taking into consideration the expenses they have been under, they had about the same amount left they would have had had they kept at their work and let rowing alone. If they had not won they would have lost everything, and winning they have really won nothing."

"The outside betters, men who have won anything from \$25 to \$100, never think of calling round and giving a V or an X. Always willing to bet where they think there is a chance of winning, they are seldom willing to drop an X to the one winning the race."

"The rowers to live must always win, which is next to impossible. They first become disgusted and finally want to get even with the betters, whom they maintain have not treated them right, and the only way they see to get even is to row a 'crooked' race and a crooked race they row."

"That such a course is wrong no one will dispute. If an oarsman is not, or thinks he is not, treated right, let him quit rowing. The fact that he does not get his share is no cause why he should turn dishonest and rob some people who have never done him a harm, for if he rows crooked at all, both innocent and guilty have to suffer."

"Hamill, the American champion, was a real duffer, a milk-and-water edition of Green, yet he had beaten all the Yankee and Canadian cranks. He simply could not see the way Kelly went after the first spurt, and if he had been in a Coat-and-Badge race would have hard work to win."

"As for Walter Brown, of America, he had at least the sense to find out his own weakness before he made any matches in this country. He came, he saw our best men; he conquered Joe Sader's younger brother (who was not within two minutes of the champion form over the course) and then he went back a wiser man and in pocket by his caution."

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MERVINE THOMPSON FLOORED BY A COON.

THE CLEVELAND CHAMPION LOSES A BATTLE AT ST. PAUL, MINN., ON ACCOUNT OF A FOUL.



HE THOUGHT HE WAS A BEAR.

A TIPSY SAILOR ENTERTAINS A DAMP BUT ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD WITH HIS EXTRAORDINARY ANTICS.



HE MADE HER CONFESS.

A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER COMPELS HIS SERVANT GIRL TO CONFESS THAT SHE LIED ABOUT HIM.



HE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN FLOGGED.

GENERAL GRANT'S DYING MOMENTS ARE DISTURBED BY AN IRREPRESSIBLE CRANE.

Jack Massey.

Jack Massey, a native of London, is thirty-two years of age, and stands about 5 feet, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height, his fighting weight being 10 stone, 6 pounds. His first battle was with Tom Tully, and ended in a draw. He then competed in a glove competition at the West End Hall of Arms, Newman street, Oxford square, and won several heats. He was defeated by John Knifton, at Pulborough, after a well-contested battle, and his last appearance in public was this year, near Epsom Downs, when he encountered William Middins, of Hoxton, but after fighting several rounds the police interfered, and the affair ended in a draw, greatly in favor of Massey. He has also taken part in several minor glove competitions with varying success.

The Uxbridge Nine

On this page we print an excellent group of portraits of the Uxbridge (Ontario) baseball nine.

Card Pugh.

In this issue we publish a portrait of "Card" Pugh, the champion long distance rider of the Pacific Coast. He has won innumerable contests, and he defeated Anderson, in Los Angeles, in a 50-mile race, May 15, 1883. Time, 1 hour 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Second race in San Bernardino



THE UXBRIDGE, CANADA, BASE-BALL CLUB.

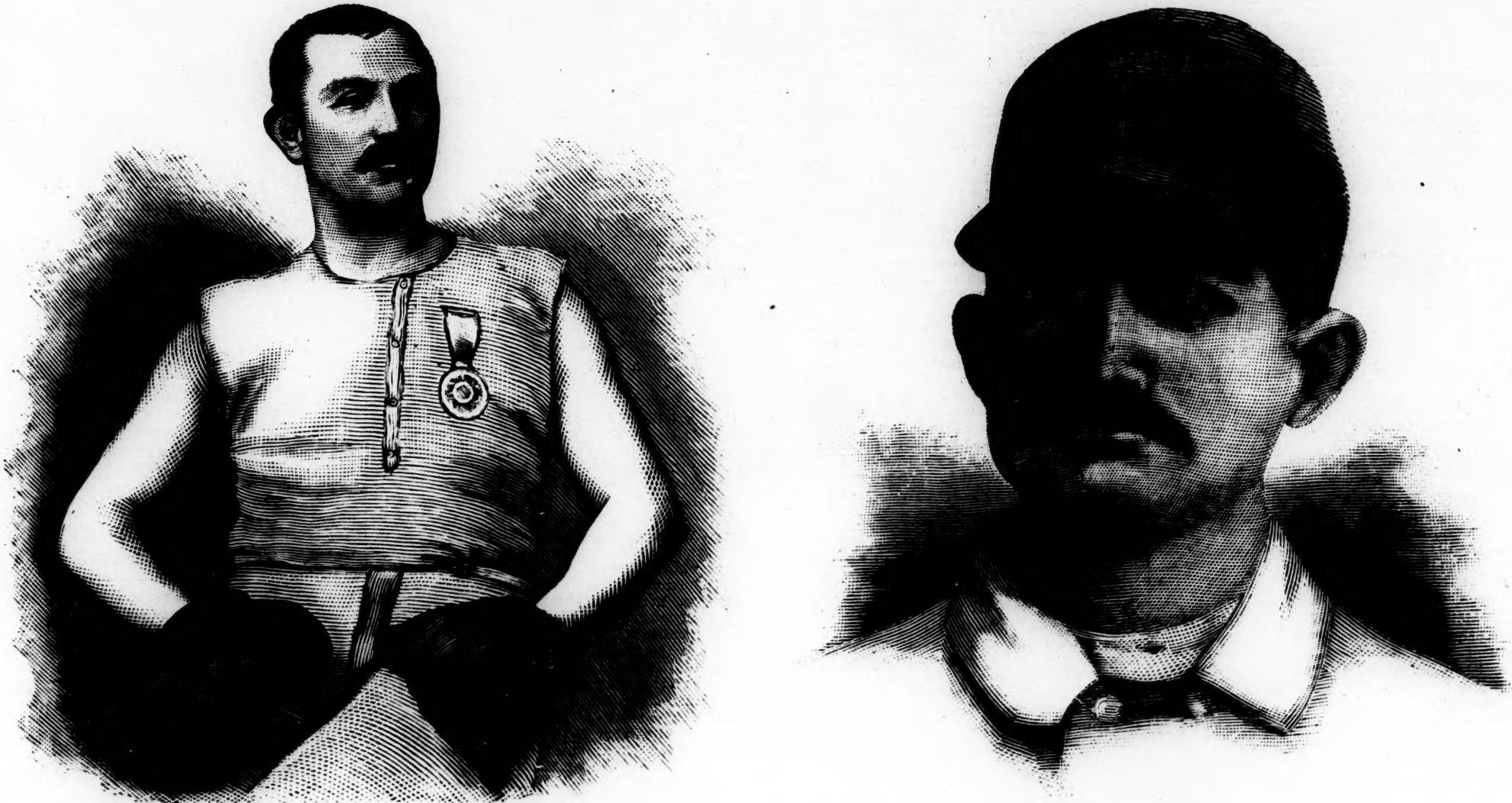
A. Coombe.	Edward Weeks.	Geo. Brazer.	Jas. Glover.	T. Thompson.
		Jas. Reid.	B. Vicars.	W. Winfield.
		W. Richards.	D. Gladstone.	

county, Cal., 50-mile race, Pugh beating Anderson, July 7, 1883. Time, 1 hour 50 minutes.

Making It Hotter.

Couldock stars next season in the "Willow Cope." Sam Hemple is one of the company selected to support him. A young journalist tells the following hitherto unpublished anecdote of him: Hemple was playing an engagement in Baltimore during the war. George Leigh was manager, and he was determined the company should play on the Fourth of July, no matter how hot and unwilling they were. The house was half filled, when Leigh was dumbfounded to see, from the box office, the audience trickling out of every door they could find, with all available rapidity. He went in and found the auditorium full of smoke. Under the stage he rushed, and there was Sam Hemple breaking up chairs and tables, and piling them and everything else combustible into the furnace. "What in the — are you doing?" roared Leigh. "Trying to make it hotter than it is," mildly replied Hemple. There was no performance.

THE law against profanity is being enforced in sections of the New England States, and \$33 was collected in fines one day recently.



JACK MASSEY.

"CARD" PUGH.

BEFORE THE BAR.

The Cold Water Act in the South--A Dakota Cyclone--St. Louis' High License Humbug--Prohibition Pronounced a Dead Failure by One of the Frisky Fanatics.



JAMES FLANAGAN.

This gentleman is one of the oldest and most prominent ale brewers in the United States. He takes a very active part in the struggle for just laws on the important liquor question. He believes in strong organization of the trade, and is himself a very able officer of the United States Brewers' Association. Mr. Flanagan's general appearance, culture, good citizenship, gentlemanly and strong manly qualities is a speaking argument against vile assertions of the tea-drinking cranks.

Rattlesnake oil costs \$4 an ounce in Connecticut, while Jersey lightning fetches only \$3 a gallon.

If you want to keep cool drink claret and ice. If you want to keep warm drink more of the same.

The South has the cold water fever. It's a good warm season for such a drink, if the latter is very cold.

It's considered a fatal insult to have anything in the way of pork on the free-lunch counters at Long Branch.

Every building in a Dakota town was blown away by a cyclone, except the court-house and a saloon. How do our cold-water brothers account for this?

Sharon Springs, N. Y., has received an old-time boom this season. Many of the cafes are open again and the merry popping of the wine is again heard in the old-time watering-place.

A new grain, a hybrid between wheat and rye, has just been produced. The public will await with no small degree of interest to see the kind of whisky it will make, and the effect on the American head.

Roe, the distiller, who spent \$1,250,000 in restoring Christ Cathedral, Dublin, and built the National Synod Hall for the Irish Protestant Church, has fallen on evil times financially. This is the reward for going outside of his genial calling.

What is "he brewing," says our comic friend Steinhouzer to his companion Swatzberger, when the elegant clipper-cut bartender of the Ocean Cafe was concocting a morning cocktail to brace the Hebrew gentleman after their morning duck in the "water" recently.

While digging on the site of an old tavern at Somerville, N. J., workmen found a rusty pair of shears and two old pennies, and some facetious exchanges say this indicates that some editor must have committed suicide on the spot. Nonsense. Whoever knew of a wealthy editor committing suicide?

Two men, sitting in a saloon, were watching a rather distinguished looking fellow.

"Wonder who that man is?"

"I don't know, but I see that he does not live in this town."

"Why?"

"Because the bartender has just trusted him for a drink."

The St. Louis temperance friends suppose they have gained a big victory simply because the demand for licenses under the high license law have been some two hundred wine and beer saloons less. The liquor saloons have not as yet been affected and probably will not. The former places which are not in the lists of licensees are not in fact wiped out, but are selling secretly without licenses. This is what the cold water advocates call a victory.

Physician (to patient)—You should take two grains of quinine every hour or half hour.

Patient—Great Scott! doctor, isn't that rather often?

Physician—No. Take it in a little whisky.

Patient—All right. Two grains every—how often did you say?

Physician—Every hour or half hour.

Patient—All right, doctor. Two grains every half hour.

The House of Representatives, at Atlanta, Ga., passed a general local option law for the counties in Georgia which have not already adopted a prohibition. The bill provides that on petition every two years elections may be held in counties where intoxicating drinks are sold until the county goes for prohibition, when no more elections can be held. Such a law is an infernal outrage in a so called free land. This crank law, however, may be killed in the Senate.

The Cleveland's alleged Woman's Christian Temperance Union the other night passed a long series of resolutions declaring that as the National Union had decided to aid the prohibition party against the best interests of the temperance cause, its connection with the Ohio and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is henceforth severed. Is there war in the camp?

It seldom happens that a fire is put out with champagne, but this literally happened at a ball given by Mrs. Lawson, wife of the proprietor of the London *Telegraph*. Down the center of the long tent where the supper was laid hung electric lights imbedded in bunches of flowers. One of the tiny globes cracked, and flames rose on all sides along the line of wire. The servants were paralyzed by the conflagration, and it was due to a very lavish use of wine by some of the guests present that serious damage was averted.

A well-known resident of Birmingham, Conn., owns two valuable setter dogs who have acquired the habit of drinking beer to such an extent that they may be found waiting in front of Tom Fenn's saloon, on Main street, every night for some customer to open the door and give them a chance to get inside. Once inside, they make a direct line to the place where the beer is kept, and if there are no drippings in the pail underneath, they march up and down behind the bar, looking wistfully into the bartender's face, until he is finally compelled to treat them to about a quart of beer, when they wag their tails happily and go on their way rejoicing.

J. W. Marstella, who formerly was closely identified with the Cincinnati Southern Railroad as private secretary for President Clements, but who has during the past two years been stationed at Franklin, Kan., in charge of the interests of a large coal mine at that point, is spending a few days in Cincinnati. This gentleman is an enthusiastic Prohibitionist. He says in reference to the manner in which the Prohibition laws are enforced in that State: "From my personal experience, they are totally inoperative; true there are no longer any saloons in existence, but we have twice as many drug stores, a good many of them kept by men who don't know paregoric from nux vomica, but who are pretty good judges of liquors. All one has to do if he needs a drink is to walk into a drug store and state that being troubled with colic, dropsy, gout, papsalals or some other trouble, it is absolutely necessary for his health that he be supplied with a bottle of porter, ale, gin or any other liquor. He is accommodated immediately upon his own prescription, that of a physician being considered unnecessary, and he always gets it. If the style of liquor don't suit him he simply sends to Joplin, Missouri, and gets a demijohn of whisky sent him by express C. O. D., and he and his friends polish it off in short order. The consequence is we have more hard drinkers than ever among our miners. Instead of doing as they used to do—taking the usual toddy at the saloons after their work is over, they buy too much at a time, drink it all up at once, are always full and do about half the amount of work they were in the habit of putting through two years ago."

A DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Seven years ago a new belle dawned upon Washington society. She came from Brooklyn and was the niece of Gen. Sherman, with whose family she lived while at the capital. Her name was Mary Frances Hoyt, and she was a daughter of Samuel N. Hoyt, a brother of Jesse Hoyt, and heiress to at least a million. At that time Miss Hoyt was twenty-three years old and exceedingly attractive. She was of medium height, with a form nearly perfect. Her features were regular, and her complexion, though neither strictly blonde nor brunette, was remarkably clear and fine. Her crowning beauty was her hair, which was a beautiful brown in color and of texture unsurpassed by the finest silk. Lustrous dark brown eyes completed the picture of an unusually attractive woman. Miss Hoyt, moreover, was as accomplished as she was handsome. Highly educated, sharp at repartee and brimming over with delightful small talk, a sweet singer and finished pianist, she possessed all the qualities which are essential in a reigning society belle.

It is not strange that such a star should draw around her worshippers without number. Society accorded her a prominent position, and scores of admirers lost no time in paying due homage to youth, beauty and last, but by no means least, her wealth. Several offers of marriage were received but none suited the rather fastidious young lady's fancy. Overwhelmed with countless compliments and eager attentions, her head was turned by fawning flattery and no one would she recognize as an accepted suitor. But, as is always the case with women, her time came, and soon. Towards the close of the season she became acquainted with a gentleman who represented one of the first families of Baltimore. He was about twenty-seven years old, with a fine figure and handsome features. For years he had been a favorite in Washington society. A brilliant man of the world, he had been courted and praised till he thought more, perhaps, of himself than the facts warranted. His name was James R. Raymond. The intimacy of the two young people ripened into love. He proposed and was accepted. It was thought a good match by all parties concerned. Each seemed to entertain for the other a profound affection mingled with high respect, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

After a short but blissful engagement they were married in one of the most fashionable churches in Baltimore. It was an event of no little social importance. Senators and Congressmen, prominent army friends and associates of Gen. Sherman, as well as old Tecumseh himself in his brightest uniform, gave dignity to the wedding by their presence. Congratulations to the handsome pair were numberless, and in accordance with his invariable custom, the commander-in-chief of all our armies was the first to kiss the blushing bride. Columns were printed in the newspapers regarding the event, and Baltimore was in a flutter of excitement for weeks.

Thus auspiciously was ushered in a married life, which gave every promise of being an extremely happy one. The husband had little money, but Mr. Hoyt bestowed a handsome dower upon his daughter, and for a time the young couple tasted all the sweets there are in life in perfect contentment. They lived in Baltimore, making frequent visits to Brooklyn, then moved to a pleasant little town in New Jersey, where Mr. Raymond engaged in business, his wife supplying the necessary capital. The venture did not prove successful, and becoming discontented with

their quiet life, the young couple returned to Baltimore. Several more attempts were made by Mr. Raymond to gain a foothold in the business world, but all resulted in failures.

During the first year of their married life, however, everything moved smoothly, but at the expiration of that time hidden thorns began to appear. Both were high-strung and incapable of brooking opposition. Household jars became alarmingly frequent, and the dissensions finally became so violent that both were glad to separate. Mrs. Raymond returned to live with her parents at No. 204 Park place, Brooklyn. Her husband returned to Washington to make a more venture in business. This unfortunate and unsatisfactory condition of things continued till June 21, when Mrs. Raymond surprised her husband by beginning an action for divorce. The suit was brought in Westchester County and the story was kept studiously quiet by all connected with it. Indeed, it was hoped that the business might be transacted without attracting the attention of the press. Becoming satisfied, however, that this was impossible the action was transferred on Saturday to Kings County, and trial will be had in September.

Mrs. Raymond asks for a divorce on the ground that her husband has been unduly intimate with other women. In her complaint she maintains that this unfaithfulness has been of a most disgraceful character. Several instances are given, in the most disgusting of which he is said to have been discovered with a negro in Lafayette square some time during the month of May, this year. She also declares that he has failed to support her.

In his answer Mr. Raymond makes a counter-charge of the same character. He denies every allegation preferred in the application, and asks that a divorce be granted him on the ground that his wife has been unfaithful. No dates are given, but Frank S. Heath, of Washington, a relative of Mrs. Raymond, is mentioned.

When Mrs. Raymond made her first application she hoped that no objection would be offered, and to avoid publicity she asked for no alimony or counsel fees. But the character of the answer has changed the complexion of things and the fight will be carried on to the bitter end with no favors expected or given. A reporter called upon Lawyer Henderson Benedict, who has charge of Mrs. Raymond's case, but found him very reticent and only willing to say that he felt very confident of winning. From an intimate friend of the family, however, it was learned that Mrs. Raymond has fully made up her mind to proceed regardless of the consequences. She scorns any imputation against her character, and is satisfied that the allegations against her husband can be proven beyond question. Her family are also said to be as firmly determined to end the matter once for all, and will be of great assistance, as her father is wealthy and a brother of the late Jesse Hoyt, about whose possessions there has been such a contest in the courts. Mr. Hoyt is also the executor and principal legatee of his brother. Mrs. Raymond is consequently heiress to several millions.

GEN. GRANT INSULTED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Drs. Douglas and Shady made a sunlight examination of Gen. Grant's throat July 16. They found that while accidental swelling had subsided, not only on the neck but in the throat and tongue, the permanent cancerous infiltration had not changed notably since the last examination. The outlines of the cancer lumps were quite clearly defined by reason of accidental subsidence, and it was seen that they were about as hard and as deeply fixed as before. Less pain and inconvenience attended this examination than the former one, because also of the ebb that the accidental swelling had reached.

The ulcer at the base of the tongue was distinctly felt with the finger. Its area and depth was as formerly, as was its hard elevated edge. In respect to pain and swelling the local condition showed improvement, which was traceable to the enforced quiet of the past few days. The doctors thought that if this was kept up his general condition might show improvement. After resting from the examination the General came out on the porch.

He was hardly seated before the train arrived, and an elderly man walked up beside him and took his hand. The visitor pulled up a chair and sat down. The General wrote on his pad: "I am positively forbidden by the doctors from holding any conversation." The man replied that he did not want to talk, but only to look at the General. Harrison begged the intruder to leave the porch, but he did not do so, and the General then rose and entered the house. He seemed considerably annoyed by the incident, and as it deterred him from going out again, those who would have been content to look upon their hero from a distance were deprived of even that privilege by the rudeness of this visitor. The latter seemed proud of his adventure, however, and showed the slip of paper around in triumph.

A FIFTEEN-INCH SHOE.

George Nolte exhibited at Los Angeles, Cal., the sole of an old shoe, which he has kept as a souvenir for many years. The sole originally belonged to a shoe worn by H. D. Kimball, of Littleton, Mass. Kimball, at the age of forty-one, was 8 feet 1 1/2 inches in height, and weighed 368 pounds. He was the youngest of twelve children, and in his earliest years was quite puny. When about nine years old he had a siege of fever, and upon recovering began a most extraordinary growth, which left him the giant that he was. Mr. Nolte says that the man was strong in proportion to his size. For many years he worked at teaming—principally engaged in hauling hay. He was intellectually as bright as men of his calling, and accumulated a competency as be attained mature years. As illustrating Kimball's proportions, it is stated that he would sit on top of a flour barrel as naturally as an ordinary man sits on a chair; it was just the right height for him. The giant died about two years ago. The old shoe sole which Mr. Nolte exhibits is fifteen inches long and five and a half inches across in the widest part. The shoe was known as No. 21.

A PERAMBULATING BAR ROOM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A member of the Fifth Regiment has invented an appliance, built on the nursing-bottle plan, by the use of which he and his friends regale themselves with cocktails while on parade without exciting the sus-

picion of their officers. The invention consists of a belt something like a small life-preserved, which, instead of being inflated with air, is filled with a mixture of gin, bitters, sugar and water, and then fastened around the wearer's waist inside his vest. From this belt is a small rubber tube, long enough to reach to a man on each side of the traveling bar and to the two men behind or in front of him. In this way five men are enabled to obtain a suck from the improvised gin mill, and it is said to be very curious how often the captain of the company has to get behind certain privates and adjust their cartridge-boxes.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S RIDE ON A FIRE ENGINE.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest adventure, which has just come to light, has caused much amusement in club and theatrical circles. During her engagement in London she has occupied apartments at a select hotel in Richmond, ten miles from the city of London, which she reached by a train leaving London about an hour after the close of her performance. On Saturday night she arrived at the station too late for the train, and was compelled to engage a cab to take her home.

After driving about half the distance the cabman lost his way, and refused to proceed further, leaving Sarah the alternative of returning to London or remaining where she was. At this juncture a fire engine, returning from a fire, appeared on the scene, and the actress was not slow in hiring it for her use.

Perched upon the driver's seat of the engine she dashed up to her hotel at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, amid the shouts of the firemen, the ringing of the engine bell, and the screeching of the steam whistle. The guests of the hotel were awakened, and some of the more timid shouted "Fire!" Their fears were soon allayed, and Sarah, after ordering refreshments for the firemen, dismissed the equipage and retired to her rooms.

A GOOD FAMILY.

There is in the city of Americus, Ga., a family of eight persons whose combined weight is 1,365 pounds. The lightest weighs 44, and there are two others weighing 124 and 141 pounds. The average weight of the eight persons is 170 pounds, and, taking off the three "light weights," the other five weigh 1,054 pounds, or an average of 210 4/5 pounds. This is a pretty good showing for one family, and every member of it is in good health and able for duty.

EMILY KEANE.

[With Portrait.] The charming little soubrette, whose picture we publish this week, is an Englishwoman, and came to this country three years ago with the Hanlon-Lees. Miss Keane is not only a delightful actress, but sings like a canary. She is, moreover, as pretty as a picture.

C. H. BURROUGHS.

[With Portrait.] Elsewhere we publish a capital portrait of that enterprising and energetic showman, Mr. C. H. Burroughs, proprietor and manager of the Ida Siddons Burlesque Combination.

MERVINE THOMPSON LOSES A FIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.] On another page we illustrate the recent match between Mervine Thompson and Prof. Hadley, fully described elsewhere in our sporting page.

STRIKING UNANIMITY AMONG STRIKERS. The diversity of views among striking employees all harmonize into one unanimous approval when DUFFEY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY is the topic. Myriads of beneficial results from its proper use disarm opposition when this theme comes to the front. A child saved from diphtheria here. A father rescued from pneumonia there. A mother cured of malaria, and endless praises on every hand. Nothing can equal it for superior excellence and efficiency in family use. Sold by reliable druggists and grocers.

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GEORGE W. GOLDTHWAIT.

In an interview at Rochester, on the 17th of July, Mr. G. W. Archer, of the Archer Mfg. Co., of "Barber Chairs," said: "We are perfectly satisfied with the advertising columns of the GAZETTE. Our advertisement brings an immense number of inquiries, and in our experience of newspaper advertising the GAZETTE is the only paper that has shown practical results. When our contract runs out we shall not abandon the use of the GAZETTE."

OSSUEGO, N. Y., July 19, 1885.

Manager Advertising Department, GAZETTE:
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MER. IMPORTING CO.

We will consider it a favor if admirers or readers of this paper in any part of the United States or Canada will send us the name of any new dealer who does not keep this paper on sale.

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MAY REGAIN QUICKLY
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They cure every trace of DEBILITY, SPERMATORRHEA, VARICOCELE and every form of Seminal loss and weakness, whether due to Self-Abuse, Early Errors or Natural Failure. This treatment originated in the CIVIALE, adopted in every HOSPITAL in FRANCE, and unqualifiedly endorsed by the Medical Profession, is EASILY APPLIED, PAINLESS, QUICKE and above all LASTING IN ITS RESULTS.

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